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DECEMBER 22, 1978

IN THIS ISSUE:
Buckley on Jonestown
—see page 1614

NATIONAL REVIEW

POL POT'S CAMBODIA

Also In This Issue:

Russell Kirk: The New Attack on Private Schools ◆ M. J. Sobran reviews Harry V. Jaffa ◆ Eugene J. McCarthy reviews John R. Coyne Jr. ◆ Brian Crozier on Morocco

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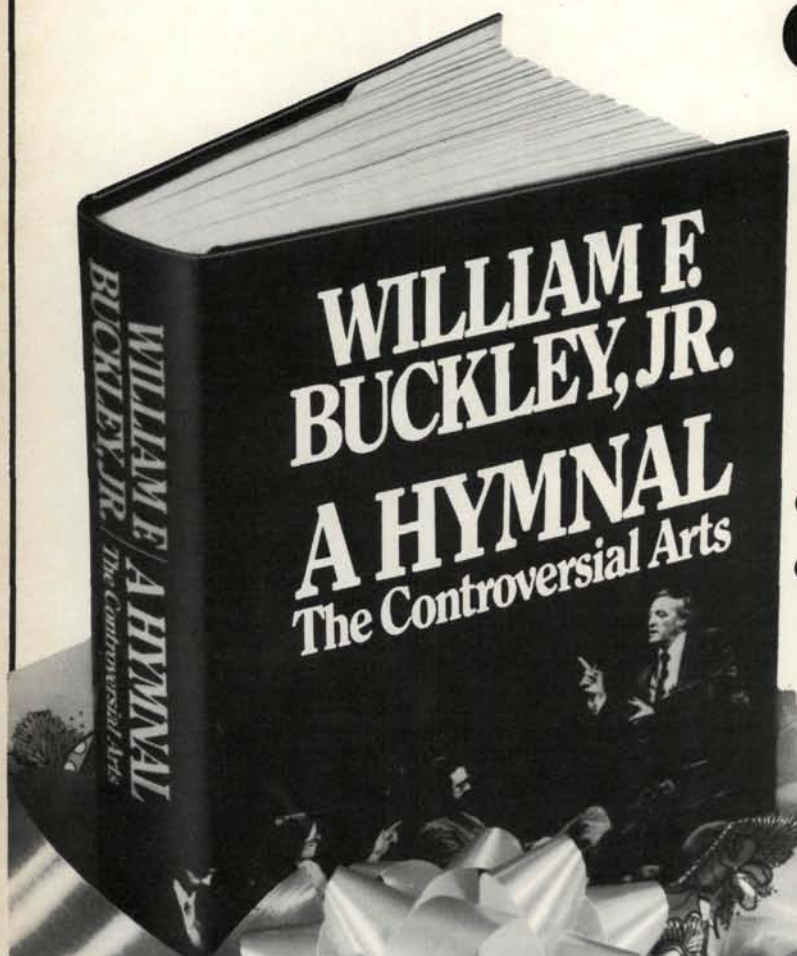

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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 22, 1978
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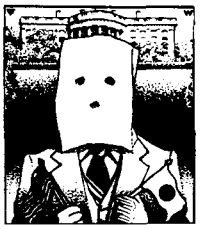
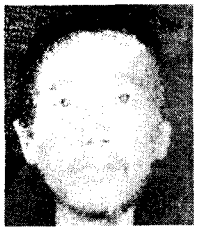
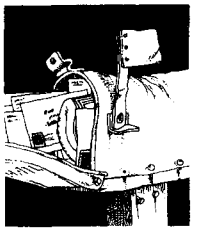
CROZIER
Page 1586



STERN
Page 1597



YATHAY
Page 1588



HALL
Page 1609

McCARTHY
Page 1604

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

1586 Our Debt to King Hassan
Apart from having assumed much of the burden of pro-Western military activity in Africa, Morocco has a strategic importance our leaders seem not to appreciate.
Brian Crozier

1588 Escape from Cambodia
In 1975 Pin Yathay was one of thousands of Cambodians who cheered the end of the war. In the next two years he saw his entire family—18 people in all—dissolve and die in forced labor camps. He himself was scheduled for death; yet through luck, cunning, and courage he managed to escape to the West. His story is a gripping one of horror and human resilience. *Pin Yathay*

1596 A Look at Soviet Antisemitism
The Nazis are gone now, but the Soviets are carrying the torch, mass-producing and peddling lurid accounts of how the Jews manipulate economies, test dangerous drugs on Gentile guinea pigs, traffic in feminine flesh, instill racism in their young, and otherwise promote perfidy.
Richard Brookhiser

1597 Off the Sleeve
Notes of a presidential-portraitist-à-la-John-Hersey-or-Jim-Bishop manqué.
Richard Stern

1599 Chinese Puzzle
In Chinese Communism, the accent is on Chinese. Westerners are advised not to try to outguess it. *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

1600 Tentative Victories
Good news in the church-state conflict over religious schools: the state is losing.
Russell Kirk

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

1601 Saving the Declaration
Harry Jaffa makes a powerful case for an American tradition that is at once Lockean and "under God." At least one reviewer finds himself converted. *M. J. Sobran*

1603 Hour of Power
Claes G. Ryn's *Democracy and the Ethical Life* is well-meaning, but that's, alas, about all. *Dale Vree*

1604 Fall-Out
John Coyne invites us to *Fall In and Cheer.*
Eugene J. McCarthy

1606 Wanted: Irish Editor
James Carroll's *Mortal Friends* is not bad, but we already have *The Last Hurrah.*
Francis Russell

1607 Autumn Leaves
The wildest days of the Sixties are recalled in a collection of stories by Madame Chen Jo-hsi. *Francis B. Randall*

1607 Heavenly Daze!
Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven* is a lovely, lovely failure of a movie.
John Simon

1609 The Mail Animal
The mail must, and eventually does, go through. *Donald Hall*

1610 A Parable
It didn't start with Naismith.
D. Keith Mano

1570 **Letters**
1573 **For the Record**
1574 **The Week**
1592 **help!**
1611 **Dark Horses**
1614 **On the Right**
1616 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover photo by Jan Lukas

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*

Letters

Mao's Handiwork

As any Hong Kong-based correspondent will attest, China-watching is the riskiest of trades. What is heralded today is denounced by tomorrow's wall-poster, or contradicted in any of a thousand ways. The achievement of Simon Leys, both in his brilliant book, *Chinese Shadows*, and now in his stunning encore in *NR* ["Human Rights in China," Dec. 8], is that his analysis transcends the superficial disorder of Chinese politics. As Orwell did to Soviet Communism—and how Leys's pungent writing reminds one of Orwell—his analysis cuts to the soul of Chinese Communism, whether it is run by the Gang of Four, the gang of pragmatists, or the gang of revisionists. Totalitarianism doesn't change, even though chairmen come and go.

Leys is the first of what we can expect to be a steady flow of writers who will now record the legacy of Maoism. Perhaps soon, but at least eventually, there will be a Chinese Solzhenitsyn who will detail the massacres, the purges, who will then be purged himself, but who will keep writing, so long as there is a free world, and who will emblazon Mao's name, along with Stalin's, along with Hitler's, on the bloody list of twentieth century genocides.

Katherine Jules
Denver, Colo.

Model-A Ford

My pleasure in reading Murray Kempton was enhanced by his recalling for me ["Tietjens at Rome," Oct. 27] the other Ford in our past.

Merlyn S. Pitzele
Beacon, N.Y.

Electioneering

NR's reporting on the impact of the Panama Canal issue on the November 7 Senate races leaves something to be desired ["The Week," Nov. 24]. Perhaps no media commentators did mention at the time that some candidates lost because of a vote in favor of the treaties. But facts are stubborn things, much as the media would like to overlook unpleasant ones.

Sixty-eight senators voted for the treaties. Of that number, several retired, and eight who ran for re-election were defeated either in primaries or in the general election (Anderson, Brooke, Case, Clark, Haskell, Paul Hatfield, Hathaway, and McIntyre). And Kevin Phillips has written that five of these eight were defeated by challengers who raised the Canal issue and indicated that they would have voted against the treaties: Armstrong against Haskell; Jepsen against Clark; Gordon Humphrey against McIntyre; Cohen against Hathaway; and Boschwitz against Anderson. Some of those who voted against the treaties retired, and one (Griffin) was defeated; but on the whole I believe that the incoming Senate is one which would never ratify such documents as the Panama Canal treaties.

Charles A. Moser
Treasurer, Committee for the
Survival of a Free Congress
Washington, D.C.

In your initial analysis of the recent elections ["The Week," Nov. 24] you overlooked the impact of the right-to-life movement. In New York, the woman running as the Right-to-Life Party's gubernatorial candidate garnered over 100,000 votes, bumping the Liberal Party out of fourth place on the ballot. In Iowa, as the *New York Times* plaintively pointed out, the abortion issue is assumed to have been a major cause of Roger Jepsen's upset win over Senator Clark. Clearly the right-to-life movement is at present the most powerful of the "single issue" groups worrying our politicians.

Thomas J. Mullen Jr.
Whitehouse Station, N.J.

Your glaring omission in failing to note the triumph of Lamar Alexander in Tennessee on November 7 cannot be allowed to stand. Alexander was outspent four to one in the gubernatorial campaign by Knoxville banker Jake Butcher, for whom Jimmy Carter grinned in Nashville only a week before the election. Lamar threw 'em for a loss by 143,000 votes. He is articulate and attractive, and cannot be ignored when compiling a list of future Republican luminaries. It is said in the pubs of Music City that Howard Baker rode Lamar's coattails. (You're forgiven, though.)

Robert Butler
Nashville, Tenn.

How Prepared Is NATO?

In his discussion of NATO and the new conditions facing it in its struggle against the Soviet/Warsaw Pact forces ["Watch on the Ruhr," Oct. 27], Richard Brookhiser made or accepted some serious errors.

NATO may indeed require more "brigades" to be airlifted in the face of an attack, but the U.S. today has neither the time nor the equipment necessary to meet the thirty-day figure Mr. Brookhiser mentions. At the NATO Assembly meeting in

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Paris in September 1977, all nations agreed that NATO cannot count on thirty days' warning—it will be two or three days at most. The older plans of NATO and, especially, of the U.S. have been that in an attack we would be able to airlift to Europe the equivalent of three and a half divisions with their basic equipment in twenty to thirty days, using the entire air fleet of our military plus the entire civil airline emergency pool. Since then, some three and a quarter divisions of U.S. forces have been withdrawn to the U.S., allegedly to save money. These forces would need to be airlifted back, using the same airplanes formerly earmarked for the three and a half reinforcement divisions—all in the twenty to thirty days we do not have.

We carry out exercises such as Reforger from time to time to test our airlift capacity, but this involves only a portion of the withdrawn troops and none of the reinforcements. The extra brigades you mention could never be airlifted with present airlift capacity, even assuming the airbases in Europe would be open, a doubtful assumption. In fact, because of the two- or three-day maximum warning time, we are dependent on transporting troops by sea, which in turn depends on our ability to control the sea routes to Europe across the North Atlantic. We do not have the seapower in our Navy today to give such a guarantee.

As for the F-15 fighter, it is a very limited tactical fighter and, single-manned, at a great disadvantage in many areas of its operation. The best fighter in the world today is in fact the F-14A Tomcat, which, double-manned, gives a better performance throughout its envelope, and has a superior fire-control system.

G. T. Newby
Los Angeles, Calif.

General Haig did not say that NATO would have thirty days' warning before an attack—merely that we had doubled our airlift capacity for the first thirty days after whatever warning we had. The point about airfields is well taken, and was noted further down in the article by Air Vice Marshal Kingshott. —RB

Mr. Brudnoy Replies

In re: Wm. Michael Murray's letter about me ["Letters," Nov. 24], I stand, of course, on what I wrote after the Massachusetts primary. But Mr. Murray's capsule description of me ("this ego-sated, overrated closet liberal masquerading as a conservative") seems more than a bit hysterical. Well, the readers of *NR* and those in New England who listen to my program can make their own evaluations. However, I have never said that Phyllis Schlafly is an ugly woman. I think she's rather attractive. Nor have I said that Patrick Buchanan is a very poor writer. I would say that Mr. Murray might do well either to listen more carefully to my program or, failing that, to try one of the 45 other radio stations his set can pick up.

David Brudnoy
Boston, Mass.

Defending Rev. Moon

I am glad I have an alibi (I was in Bangkok) for the unhappy hour when NATIONAL REVIEW, in its editorial on the Guyana suicides ["The Week," Dec. 8], decided to lump Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church in the same category as the Jones cult, the Manson family, and the Symbionese Liberation Army.

That is really inexcusable. The latter three are, or were, explicitly homicidal little cliques. The Unification Church may not be exactly your cup of tea, nor is it

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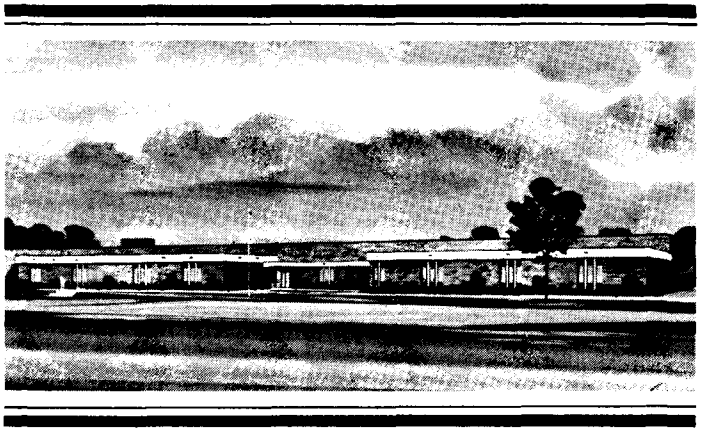
Freedom to grow, Brady style



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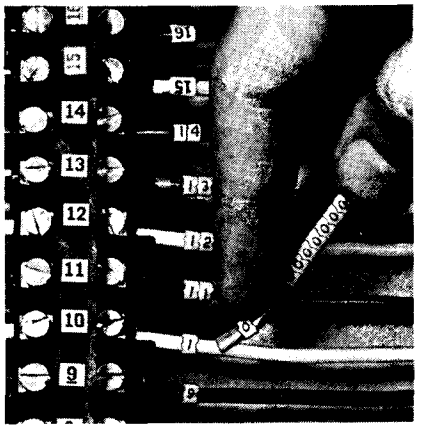

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mine ("My doxy is orthodoxy," as Bishop Warburton once said), but it is a much larger and far more respectable enterprise than any of these. It has received a bad press, for supposedly luring impressionable young people away from their families (though I can't help wondering about some of those families); but I suspect the Unification Church's real crime, in many eyes, has been the pro-Americanism, anti-Communism, basic neatness, and rather old-fashioned morality of its members. If they dressed like bums and behaved that way, they might have more defenders.

William A. Rusher
New York, N.Y.

Good Stuff

David Evanier is wrong ["The Sinatra Line," Nov. 24] in saluting Jonathan Schwartz as the only New York disc jockey who regularly plays Sinatra and such. Danny Stiles plays *only* music of the Twenties through the Fifties, three hours a day (WEVD-FM, 10 A.M., Monday through Friday). Danny is the best disc jockey in town, by several decades.

Neil McCaffrey
Pelham Manor, N.Y.

Pettifoggery

I should like to add a *corrigendum* to Paul Gigot's article on Equatorial Guinea ["Tiny Horrors," Nov. 24]. Mr. Gigot states that "Equatorial Guinea was until 1968 the Spanish colony of Rio Muni . . ." Prior to independence, the colony's name was not Rio Muni, but rather Spanish Guinea. The colony consisted of two portions: 1) an island, Fernando Poo, and 2) a portion of land on the African mainland named Rio Muni. While completely agreeing with the thrust of Mr. Gigot's article, I could not resist writing this exercise in pettifoggery, inasmuch as I am a geopolitical trivialist.

Austin C. Bray Jr.
Austin, Tex.

Experts or Rubes?

Your description ["The Week," Nov. 10] of economic experts' "massive cerebration on the subject of inflation" has implications beyond economics. Let me give a simplistic, but I think accurate, populist appraisal of the situation.

Who makes up the Rube Goldberg boondoggles that have caused our political, economic, and social disasters? The experts. When these boondoggles get us in too deep to ignore, whom do we call in at terrific expense to find a solution? The experts. All right. Now, who must be discredited if this vicious circle is to be broken? All together now . . .

Robert W. Whitaker
Washington, D.C.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Some major legislative battles ahead: A move in Congress to cut back Social Security taxes (due to go up sharply Jan. 1) got weighty support last week from Sen. **Russell Long**—chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Long would like to see SS taxes repealed, income taxes limited to one-third of a person's income, and a 10 per cent Value Added Tax substituted. . . . **Jimmy Carter** aides are lobbying against any cuts in SS taxes, arguing the government must have that revenue if the Administration is to bring in—and make stick—a $30-billion deficit budget. . . . Dr. **Gallup** confirms that the public thinks nearly half federal tax money is wasted: "Of every tax dollar that goes to the Federal Government how many cents of each dollar would you say are wasted?" Answer: Democrats, 49 cents; Republicans, 48 cents; Independents, 48 cents. . . . SALT II opponents getting their act together. Administration was furious over Sen. **Henry Jackson**'s attacks on SALT in Europe; former Deputy Secretary of Defense **Paul Nitze** also blasted accords in important speech to Chicago Council on Foreign Relations. Nitze says by early 1980s Soviets "may be in position to destroy 90 per cent of our ICBMs" by firing a third of their own; calls this "an increased temptation" to Soviets to strike first. . . . Conservative opposition to D.C. amendment (to give the District of Columbia two senators, two congressmen) also getting organized early. **YAF**, the **ACU**, the **Conservative Caucus**, the **Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms**, the **American Legislative Exchange** (an organization of seven hundred conservative state legislators) met in Washington last week to plan their anti-amendment strategy. Forty-nine of the fifty state legislatures (all but Kansas) meet in 1979.

Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

"It's the heavy breather again—he says he'll only be calling once a week after the increase."

■ How **Guyana-Jonestown** is perceived. **John Wayne** sees in it another reason for releasing **Patty Hearst**. "If everyone is willing to accept the fact that one man [**Jim Jones**] can brainwash nine hundred people into committing suicide, why can't they believe that a treacherous bunch like the Symbionese Army could brainwash one little girl?" . . . **Mark Lane** sees it as a way to make money. He offered a lecture on "The Horrors of Jonestown" to the U. of Vt. student association (for $2,700), was turned down. . . . New York's black *Amsterdam News* pointed out that at least half of the Jonestown victims were black. . . . *AFL-CIO News* headline was: THREE UNIONISTS SLAIN/IN GUYANA AMBUSH. . . *Pravda* called it a tragedy of "American dissidents" and said the "grave illness of American society" was caused by "the rule of great monopolies." . . . And (our favorite) the *Human Events* headline: MACABRE GUYANA EVENTS/COULD EMBARRASS DEMOCRATS."

■ In the Soviet Union the persecution of **Anatoly Shcharansky** continues. Shcharansky's mother, **Ida Milgrom**, told aide of Sen. **Abraham Ribicoff** that she can't appeal her son's conviction until she has copy of his sentence, which Soviet authorities will not give her. . . . Very quietly last month, Russian authorities turned down appeal of **Aleksandr Podrabinek**, sentenced to five years of internal exile (Siberia) last August for anti-Soviet activities: he had charged that Soviet pyschiatric hospitals are used to quash dissent. . . . When Commerce Secretary **Juanita Kreps**, in current Moscow trade talks, raised questions of increasing harassment of U.S. businessmen in Russia, Soviet authorities said tut-tut, that has nothing to do with the business at hand.

■ U.S. intelligence now estimates that Russia is spending $3 billion a year in its support of **Cuba**—more than twice what it was sending Castro last spring before Castro got more heavily involved in Africa (Mozambique, Ethiopia). . . . In the last quarter-century whenever there has been an East-West military confrontation, sooner or later there appears **Wilfred Burchett**, the Australian expatriate and sometime KGB-affiliated journalist. He surfaced recently in the Maoist *Guardian* with a long series on Ethiopia.

■ Chutzpah Award, Welfare Fraud Division: To **Barbara Jean Williams** who arrived in court where she was convicted on ten counts of fraud ($240,000 in illegal payments) in her silver-tone Cadillac.

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THE WEEK

■ "It's time we recognized the full potential of our waste—putting as much of it as possible back into the marketplace." So says Barbara Blum, Deputy Administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, and frankly, we'd rather not know what she's talking about.

■ Vernon Jordan, of the National Urban League, and several other panjandrums met for two and a half hours with President Carter to discuss the budget, and came away much displeased. Carter wants to hold the budget deficit under $30 billion; but if minorities are slighted in doing so, Jordan warned, "it will be impossible to contain their despair or for them to sublimate their anger through the political process. It is a distressful situation," Jordan continued, like a malignant Micawber, "and it is a situation that we cannot contain." A shorter way of putting it would be, "Shell out, or there'll be riots"—although to say that would have made clear, for the umpteenth time, that what "civil rights" leaders want is not civil rights, but special privilege. And, no doubt, the two-and-a-half-hour sessions at the White House which flow therefrom.

■ On the evening of Friday, December 1, a number of familiar personages turned up at the Highway Motel in Concord, N.H. At a televised press conference in the Blue Room, Senator-elect Gordon Humphrey introduces Representative Jack Kemp and Senator Orrin Hatch. Questions. Tax-cut talk. But isn't that Senator Howard Baker coming into the room, moving through the crowd, getting on the tube? And, bless me, there's Bob Dole, and, now, here's Phil Crane. Dinner, speeches, Avi Nelson, Jeff Bell, former governors all over the place. Norris Cotton, Jim Cleveland. Someone reads telegrams from John Connally and Ronald Reagan. New Hampshire is getting very crowded. Must be the ski season.

■ Though the Be-Kind-to-Castro wing of the State Department is lobbying for a "humanitarian" gesture to Castro, not everybody is as infatuated as the State Department. In the December 7 *New York Review of Books*, Jean-Paul Sartre, Michel Foucault, Simone de Beauvoir, Norman Mailer, William Styron, and 12 others have signed a letter pleading for the release of Martha Frayde, a gynecologist who was sentenced earlier this year to 29 years in jail on the charge of espionage for the CIA. To demonstrate the ludicrousness of the charge, the letter noted that Dr. Frayde is a "revolutionary idealist." She and Castro were members of the same left-wing group when both were arrested in 1957, and it was she, as president of the Cuban Peace Movement, who decorated Castro with the Order of Lenin. Her break with Castro came, not over Communism, but over his ties to the Soviet Union. The charge of espionage stems from when, after breaking with Castro, she asked for permission to leave Cuba. For this offense the 58-year-old Dr. Frayde was sentenced to 29 years in jail. Perhaps when she is 68 the State Department may summon the courage to ask Castro for her release, as a humanitarian gesture.

■ In Massachusetts a recent state court decision would allow private homes to be taxed at a lower rate than commercial property. An amendment to the state constitution was thereupon proposed, the effect of which would be to overrule the state court decision. The Boston City Council then appropriated $975,000 to lobby in favor of the amendment. Eleven Bostonians went to court to prohibit the City from such lobbying. A state court granted an injunction, arguing that a citizen should not be taxed to pay for the expression of views he opposes. The City went to the Supreme Court and on November 6 Justice William Brennan granted a stay, in effect permitting the City to lobby, arguing that the Court had already ruled that corporations had the right to express political views and why shouldn't cities? The taxpayers then appealed to the full Supreme Court to reverse the stay, but the Justices allowed it to stand, three of them, Stevens, Stewart, and Rehnquist, dissenting on the grounds that city-state relations are none of the Court's damned business. The Court should refuse to butt in; but if it does, it should take Brennan's hint and argue that if shareholders can always sell their shares of stock in companies that hold opposing views, why can't citizens withhold their taxes from governments that don't represent them?

■ The Davis-Bacon Act provides that the highest wage scale prevailing in any community where public works are undertaken under federal contract be paid to all workers on such jobs. It was passed in 1931 during the Great Depression and signed by dat ole debbil Herbert Hoover. Now, a half-century later, the General Accounting Office has reckoned that Davis-Bacon costs the taxpayers about $10 billion a year, and a report to that effect has been shipped off to President Carter. The Carter Administration is reported to be seriously considering some major changes in the law, if not recommending outright repeal. Fifty years of interventionism have convinced a lot of people that we'd be better off with less of it, and the politicians are getting the message. Airlines have been deregulated; trucks and rails may soon be; construction may be next; and ain't it wunnerful?

■ Scene: a large modernistic indoor arena at Dartmouth College, Thompson hockey rink and basketball court, designed by Mies van der Rohe. A couple of thousand in the audience, a sense of awe. Standing behind a port-

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How many of these mistakes are you making in your speech and your writing?

- "The worst used of all words." (How many times have you misused it today?)
- Advice for those who hate that word "like".
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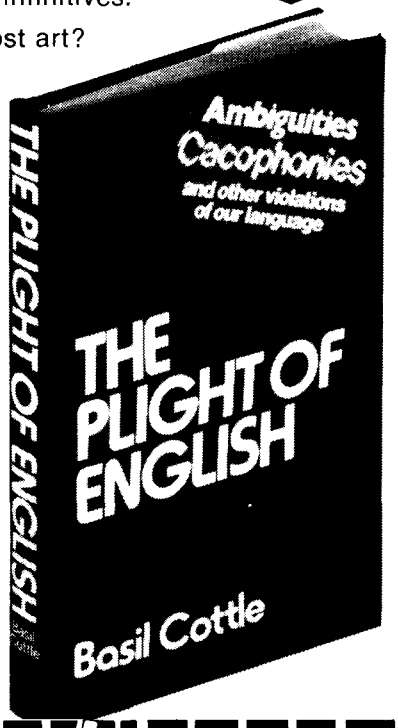

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Your congresspersons-elect are now starting to drift into town, regaling each other with war stories from the campaign. Much local color here, you understand, for campaigns are conducted back in the home district, which is characteristically a remote and oddly shaped piece of real estate to which the congressperson professes bedrock loyalty while discharging his duty to live elsewhere. His district is little more than a geopolitical abstraction to which the congressperson travels biennially to have his passport renewed. Home is here in Washington, where the French-like restaurants along K Street play to the people who have left Peoria.

Papers in order, they're back now, trying to reorient themselves in the new ambiance of Washington. Somebody seems to have moved the rhetorical furniture. There is wonderful talk here of economy and budget-trimming and gap-closing. The trinket of the day is the Krugerrand—for the one you love most in the Me Decade—and the preprandial libation is a solitary white-wine-and-soda, which, if the congressperson is liberal enough and northern enough, he has the nerve to call a spritzer. The disco Hustle has given way to the Shift to the Right, and the really long, really black limousines are back where they belong, in the hands of the redundantly rich. As for the merely bureaucratic, they're back in Dodge country.

It's all very exciting and scarcely credible. Despite the obituary notices you may have seen elsewhere, old man liberalism is clinging to Capital life with a fearsome grip. He didn't get that big and that fat by knowing when he wasn't wanted. We see an effort, it should be reported, to bring him back in drag, perhaps as the legendary media creature, Neo-Liberalism. We leave it to brother Safire to polish the phrase, but the password will doubtless include both "compassion" and "bottom line"—these Neo-Liberals, surely, will have big hearts to go with their hard noses. Even now one spots evidence of an unseemly scrum to determine who will be "their Irving Kristol," the figure who will fuse the elements into an effective coalition liberalism.

For the nightwatchmen among you, three trouble spots are worth early notice. The hottest liberal game in town is the Senate Judiciary Committee. Next month, the chairmanship will pass from James Eastland of Mississippi to Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts. It will pass a fer piece. Eastland's service to the Republic has been widely underrated even by his friends, and Kennedy's daffiness has been frequently overlooked even by his opponents. The new Kennedy staff (the upgraded staff, as the *Post* is teaching us to say) is beginning to look like a Ford Foundation task force on social justice. (It probably will be—in, oh, 1984.) So if you happen to work for a Fortune 500 company, especially one with antitrust vulnerabilities, keep your legs crossed, friend.

Another refuge for the old man's battered troops will be congressional reform. The gambit works this way. On the public stage, liberal spokesmen will lament the passing of the activist era, acknowledge the wisdom of deregulation and lower tax rates, and declare their oneness with the national mood. Nobody here but us Neo-Liberals. Offstage they will be beaverish in their efforts to rewrite the rules of the game. For openers, watch the campaign financing issue. It will be tossed around Globetrotter-style by the Democratic National Committee, the congressional "leaders," and the tax-exempt Capital institutes, each toss punctuated by a headline bemoaning the "buying of elections" or the creation of a "rich man's club."

As a general rule, we look with skepticism upon incumbents seeking to change the rules for the expressed purpose of giving their opponents a fair shake.

Congressional reformers will also busy themselves with changes described as merely procedural. On the Senate side, a merely procedural change in the extended debate rules, for instance, could result in the passage of labor law reform and conceivably of such other legislative landmarks as Hatch Act reform and the Kennedy health insurance program. On the House side, where Democratic control is more emphatic, merely procedural changes can accelerate the shift of power from the House as a whole to the Democratic Caucus. Representative Gillis Long, chairman of the Subcommittee on Rules and Organization of the House, underlines the importance of this shift by noting that "a majority of the Caucus does not necessarily mean a majority of the House." He is talking, in the courthouse style of Huey Long and Chou En-lai, about one-party government.

Most of this is pretty dry stuff, admittedly. We wouldn't want to be responsible for raising money from the baggy sweater set on the basis of this tranquilizing agenda. But somebody will be stuck with that job, and he will be obliged to designate a *cause du jour*. Early signs, too wispy at this point to be definitive, suggest that 1979 will be the year of the great debate on nuclear power. The old man could do a lot worse. —CATO

---

able podium, a trim and attractive woman dressed severely in black. Natalia Solzhenitsyn, a rare public appearance. She possesses great personal force, has a kind of concentration of being. She speaks Russian, and uses a translator. She describes in detail the horrifying treatment being accorded the dissidents, reads letters recently smuggled out. The audience is hushed, visibly moved. Her overall message is religious. Her own Christianity began with her perception that the total claim made by the totalitarian state must be false. There must be something beyond it, some crack in the cement. Aleksandr Ginzburg is being persecuted precisely because his Christianity defies the total claim of the state. The total claim, in turn, licenses any brutality, any injustice. "The Soviet state claims your soul." But the Soviet state is losing. "Eighty per cent of babies being born in Russia today are baptized." One senses that in the struggle between the Kremlin and the Solzhenitsyns, the Kremlin is the underdog.

■ The SALT preparation campaign is in full swing. Henceforth any official statement dealing with defense

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must be read, in part at least, as designed to prepare the way for ratification of a SALT treaty which the Administration still hopes to conclude this winter. After years of ignoring civil defense as wasteful, ineffective, and perhaps even provocative in an era of mutual assured destruction, the Administration has begun a modest civil defense program. Inescapably, one motive is to neutralize the argument that Moscow's massive civil defense and shelter program creates an asymmetry that undermines a SALT II treaty. At the same time, after temporizing for months on the cruise missile, which is involved in the SALT negotiations, the Defense Department's research chief has boldly proclaimed that the Soviet $100-billion air defense system would be "totally useless" against the American cruise missile. Finally, after a year's stalling, the Administration plans to ask for money next spring to begin full-scale mobile ICBM (MX) development. One thing can be said for SALT II: the prospect of a ratification fight is finally getting the Administration off the dime.

■ King George V, approached by a supplicating friend to exert his influence where it would count, replied, "My dear fellow, I can't help you. You'd better write to the *Times*." The *Times*, of London, has now ceased publication, conceivably forever, thereby imperiling among other things the best page of letters in the world. This sad cessation has brought out the crusty side even of Anthony Lewis, who rightly puts the blame on labor unions that are "lawless . . . feudal . . . reactionary . . . it is extraordinary in general," he fumes, "to see them embraced by the intellectual Left." As we Yanks say, oh yeah? But the *Times* promises to return once the 54 unions agree to big staff cuts, the use of new technology, and an end to wildcat strikes. One reader has announced that "since life will cease to be civilized without the *Times*," he will grow a beard until the end of the Dark Age.

■ When Dmitri Shostakovich died in 1975, we observed sadly that if there had been a flicker of resistance to Soviet repression in him, it had never been visible to us; but that at least his dutiful conformity was more decent than the ardent sycophancy of a Yevtushenko. It now transpires that Shostakovich was a closet dissident. *Newsweek* reports that his memoirs, under the title *Testimony of Guilt*, have been smuggled to the West and will be published next year by Harper & Row. *Newsweek* describes it as "a bitter story in which Shostakovich details cultural repression in the Soviet Union and indicts himself for his failure to speak out against it." What pathos; as when the bastard Edmund, dying, cries, "Some good I mean to do/Despite of mine own nature."

■ Kirill Kondrashin has decided to make it a long vacation in Amsterdam. He has defected. The Soviet conductor complains that his artistic freedom has been stifled at home; and so he joins the long list of refugees from the system we are increasingly encouraged to think isn't that different from our own, even though Leonard Bernstein hasn't yet sought asylum in Moscow.

We've Been Disconnected

Hello, Sweden? Are you there?
We just know you'll want to share
Finding homes for Vietnamese—
Though they're in their BVDs.
Germany will take a few;
Canada's accepting, too.
And, of course, the U.S.A.
Can't resist a castaway.
Would two thousand, say, be fair?
Hello, Sweden? Are you there?

W. H. VON DREELE

China's China Card

What's happening in China? The temptation to predict an exciting sea-change in the Middle Kingdom is tempered by a sober recollection of the inscrutability of events within a forbidden Party inside the Forbidden City. *Something* fundamental is at work, but, given the violent, almost capricious history of the past thirty years, no one can be sure that tomorrow the whole process will not be reversed or sublimated by the shift of a few high officials. Political change in China springs, unperceived by Westerners, out of thirty hermetically sealed years behind a wall of cultural discontinuity.

Nevertheless, Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, having been sacked by Mao, has re-emerged as the prime political mover, overshadowing his more youthful superior, Party Chairman and Premier Hua Kuo-feng. Bent on ending the revolutionary puritanism, ongoing social upheaval, and economic autarky cultivated by Mao, Teng aims at relaxation of political and social tension and economic development to be achieved through the international ties needed for credit and technological transfer. In the process he is reducing the popular image of Mao, stimulating currents which, if not controlled, could lead to a major devolution of socio-political power in China. The potentialities are mind-boggling.

Education, rather than permanent revolution, is now said to be the purpose of schools. Merit, not proletarian status, is said to be the measure of advancement. The best of the advanced students are to be sent abroad to study. Forced shipment of youths to the farms is being phased out. Emphasis is on technology and continuity.

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Why? First, because Teng's aim is to lay the foundation for military and economic advancement, fed by foreign technology transfers—a kind of Chinese version of Lenin's New Economic Policy of the 1920s. By slowing down the revolution, China might make a quantum jump in economic and military strength in a couple of decades.

But is there a deeper implication—of a possible evolution which would change the meaning of Communism? The changes are being surfaced not by purges, or 99.44 per cent plebiscites, or *coups d'état*, much less by a free press, but by—of all things in a totalitarian country—wall-posters! In addition to serving as a tiny but important valve for letting off the steam of pent-up grievances, the wall-poster permits new directions from above to percolate downward, experimentally producing a simulated public opinion to which the leadership can respond without becoming prematurely committed. Quintessentially Chinese, but not exactly conventional Communist practice. Some posters even call for "more democracy," and the phenomenon has encouraged a certain effervescence in the streets, where some people even talk to foreign journalists. Admittedly, wall-posters are not new, and it could all be snuffed out in a day; indeed, some brakes have been applied to prevent a runaway. Still, coupled with a gradual rehabilitation of the ancient Chinese merit system and the relaxation of pressures on Chinese social forms, the possibility of a basic change in the character of Chinese Communism dances before the eyes.

What to do?

The "China card" must be played by China—not the U.S. Just as it can be held that China was not ours to lose in 1949 so the "China card" is not ours to play today. The events in Peking suggest China is preparing to play a card. It may be a congenial card. But let us not change the game by playing out of turn. We can help best by improving our military posture, waiting to see *their* card, and then responding with all deliberation.

Cult Taxonomy

In the wake of the Jonestown disaster, some serious questions of public policy arise; and, in particular, the question of when a movement is a "religion," entitled to constitutional protection, and when is it a "cult," not entitled to such protection.

In the current issue, a Letter to the Editor from *NR* publisher William A. Rusher focuses on these matters, and forces us to ask whether the Unification Church of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon is really a religion.

U.S. history, of course, is rich in religious splinter groups. Sometimes such groups contribute an intense insight of some kind to our religious tradition, and many of those groups have been both creative and valuable. They have enjoyed constitutional protection.

Where, however, must one draw the line between a religion and a cult, and when does a cult become the legitimate concern of public policy? No one, presumably, would argue that a cult of cannibals in the U.S. ought to be able to exercise its "religious" preference. From the standpoint of public policy, how do we distinguish among the Jonesites, the Mennonites, the Mormons, the Lefevre traditionalist Catholic movement, the Hassidic Jews, the Moon movement?

Some relevant criteria.

It is surely of concern to public policy if an individual cannot leave the group because of coercion or threats to his person or his family.

It is surely of concern to public policy if the group becomes involved with violence or the threat of violence to non-members.

Finally, we need not be completely relativistic about doctrine. If the Leader asserts, for example, that he in due course will mate with selected desirable women and raise a race of unfallen human beings, the only intellectual judgment possible is that he is either nuts or a charlatan with *chutzpah*.

Cults are proliferating. No doubt they do so in response to modern circumstances of freedom: it is warm inside the group, and for many it is cold outside. We have, or had, the Jonesites, and also the SLA, est, the Process, Hare Krishna, Synanon, Manson's extended Family, and many others—differing one from the other but in some ways similar.

Where does Moon's Unification Church fit in? The entire subject of the religions and cults seems a likely topic for a full-scale congressional investigation, perhaps issuing in legislation of some kind. Provisionally, however, it is not clear that an individual is free to leave the communal living arrangements of the Unification Church. The UC has collected huge sums of money, and its members live as, in effect, beggars for the Moon movement. The uses to which this money has been put are a legitimate concern of public policy. Finally, the doctrines handed down by the Unification Church are intellectually derisory.

If it looks like a cult, walks like a cult, and quacks like a cult, then the chances are that it's a cult.

Laws, the Law, And Wage-Price Controls

For five weeks, the oracles have been preoccupied with the economic wisdom of the President's anti-inflation program. Two critics now go on to question its legality.

The Association of Western Pulp and Paper Workers has accused the Administration of violating the National Labor Relations Act. According to the union's lawyer, the Council on Wage and Price Stability advised the

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Crown Zellerbach Corporation that it did not have to give its striking workers the same wage increases that other unions in the industry had already won. The Administration also threatened to withhold Export-Import Bank credits from pulp companies if they granted unseemly raises in order to end the strike.

A few days earlier Laurence Silberman, Under Secretary of Labor for Nixon, declared that the "President's program is without statutory power." The Wage and Price Stability Act of 1974, still in effect, specifically forbids "the continuation, imposition, or reimposition" of mandatory controls, and the President claims that his guidelines are voluntary. Silberman nevertheless finds an awful lot of muscle-flexing going on. Government contractors will be required to follow the new program (even though the President's procurement authority is supposed to be restricted to getting the lowest price for government purchases), while an early White House fact sheet referred airily to the enforcement potential of the regulatory agencies.

The pulp workers of course are not motivated by concern for the size of government—they feel cheated out of a contract. Their complaint reflects a generic objection to controls, however, which Silberman also made. "Efforts to control wages and prices inevitably erode respect for the law. . . . Wage and price controllers quickly find [that] the enormous scope of human behavior forces them to reach for maximum flexibility." Flexibility for the screwer means unpleasant surprises for the screwee. Hayek put it even more crisply in 1944: "The more the state 'plans,' the more difficult planning becomes for the individual." Let George Meany ponder that, the next time he mounts his soapbox.

Nixon's Fourth Comeback

Relaxed and feisty after appearances in Paris and at the Oxford Union, Richard Nixon spoke for a couple of hours with invited journalists at the Waldorf Towers in New York. It is clear that Nixon now intends to re-emerge as an active participant in the discussion of public policy; indeed, following up on the success of his memoirs, he is completing a new book on the challenges we face in the foreseeable future. Nixon will not again run for office, but his re-emergence could have serious political implications.

A few notable items from his New York Q and A:

Nixon now thinks he should have destroyed the tapes, probably immediately after Alexander Butterfield revealed their existence. His decision not to destroy them was based on his belief that they did not contain seriously damaging material. Somewhat wryly he says: "I didn't destroy them, and . . . well, here we are."

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Nixon would favor a "good" SALT II treaty, but rather than accept a bad one would press ahead with the development of our advanced weapons systems. He would insist that SALT II permit the deployment of the MX mobile missile and also not place limitations on the range of the cruise missile. A weak treaty will run into serious trouble in the Senate, especially, he says, because certain key senators sense their political vulnerability on the Panama Canal vote and will want to use their SALT II vote to "get well" politically.

Nixon considers the West a "sleeping giant"—it is far stronger economically than the Communist nations, he thinks, but it needs a "jolt" to wake it up. He thinks the Soviets may be shrewdly keeping a "low profile" in Iran, and may be discouraging the Eurocommunists, in order to avoid such a jolt. He considers the Soviet leadership cautious, and interested in avoiding war, but moving by every means short of war to achieve global control. "They don't want war, but they want the world."

The principal problem in the West, Nixon believes, lies in the mood and opinions of its "leadership class," numbering perhaps 200,000 in the United States. He tends to be scornful of top corporate management. "Brezhnev could swallow most of these corporate types in one gulp." Some labor union leaders have a firmer grasp of the struggle we are in. He would trust George Meany in any negotiation with Brezhnev. He sees little to praise in other sections of the "leadership class"—the colleges and universities, the media, the bureaucracy. He thinks that the clergy has lost its nerve and merely prattles about flaws in our own society rather than paying attention to international realities. In the long run, he thinks, success will depend upon reinvigorating this leadership class.

In general, Nixon today gives the impression of being much more hard-line on relations with the Soviets than he was as President. In his attitude toward the established leadership class he now seems to have much in common with the kind of criticism being offered by the "New Right." Even during the worst days of Watergate, Nixon's support in the country never fell below 25 per cent, and, as he re-emerges and speaks out on the issues, this support will certainly increase. Judging by his remarks in New York and in Europe, Nixon could exert a desirable influence on our discussion of the key issues in the years immediately before us.

Back to Blah

The governors assembled
  In Williamsburg last week,
And everywhere you looked, they
  Were dancing cheek-to-cheek.
Conservatives would curtsy
  To moderates, who bowed—
While liberals rejoiced just
  To mingle with the crowd.
Nobody waxed unseemly;
  None slobbered over tea.
And, outside, no one noticed
  The stately GOP.

W. H. VON DREELE

The High and the Mighty

Jerry Mitchell, a high school student in West Plains, Missouri, was arrested in August 1975, for selling two batches of marijuana (one pound, and one-third of an ounce) to an undercover agent. As a result of plea bargaining, the sale of the pound was discounted; Mitchell nevertheless received a 12-year sentence for his third of an ounce.

Mitchell, now 21, is appealing. The sentence, reduced by the original judge from 12 years to a mere seven, has been upheld by the State Supreme Court; while Governor Joseph P. Teasdale has refused to invoke his power to pardon. The court does not want to second-guess the legislature, and the governor does not want to second-guess the courts.

It was precisely to avoid such grotesqueries that *NR*, six years ago, urged greater consistency in the pot laws. This July, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* noted the case of a Springfield man, convicted of selling five pounds of marijuana for $450, who received three years' unsupervised probation. Mitchell, sentenced in another part of the state, got what rapists get in Manhattan. Inequity and draconian sentences breed contempt for law —which should surely be of as much concern to the state of Missouri as the transgressions (by now, one would think, amply atoned for) of Mitchell.

Vietnam and Cambodia

Having created a Kampuchean United Front for National Salvation and set it up in a "liberated zone" of eastern Cambodia, Vietnam hit the Cambodians hard in the same region, where there are believed to be 11 Vietnamese divisions. The Front has called for the overthrow of the "reactionary" Phnom Penh regime, but it is unlikely that Vietnam will push the Front immediately into the capital. Rather, they will support and encadre the Front, as they supported the Pathet Lao in Laos, gradually strengthening it for intensified harassing operations while building a political base in the eastern villages. It would be expected that the Phnom Penh regime would eventually collapse or, if a full-scale civil war should ensue, the Front (which of course, is "democratic") could call for aid from the "democratic" Vietnamese.

What of China, which supports Cambodia in an exercise of anti-Soviet political warfare? China can step

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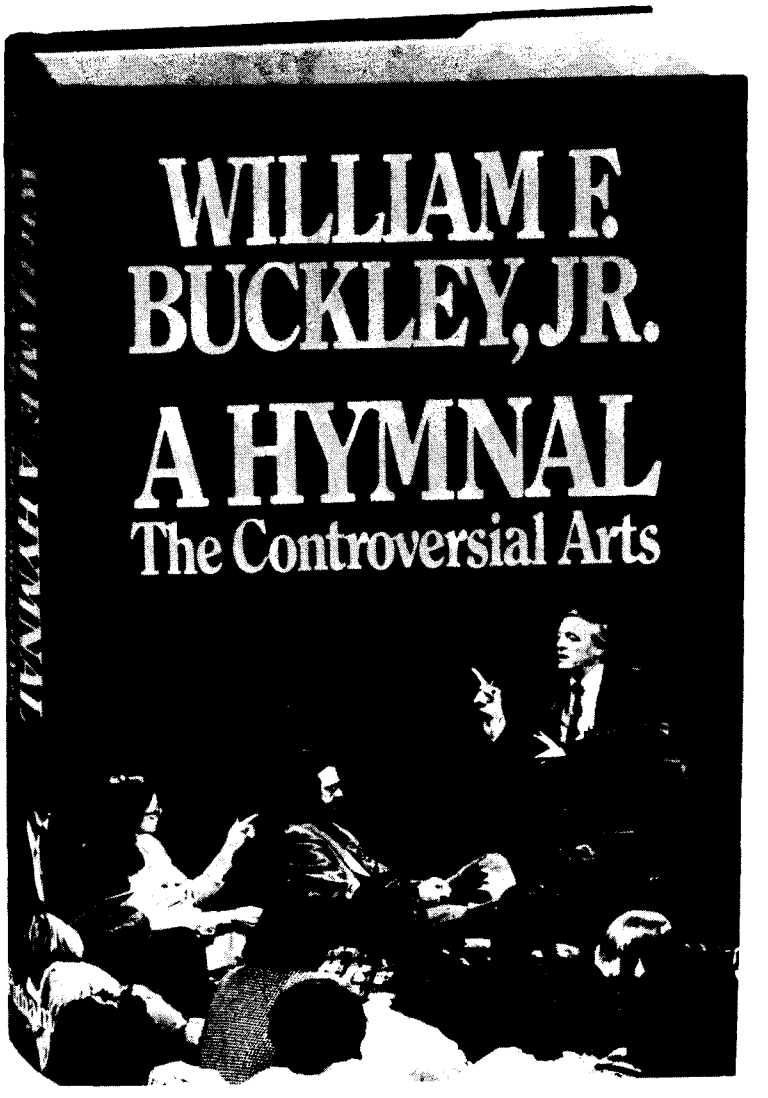

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up supply by sea, including trainers and advisors. Large-scale direct aid would be difficult because China is separated from Cambodia by Vietnam-dominated Laos. While Thailand, like the rest of the world, abhors the bloody Phnom Penh regime, it may be content to have it there as a buffer aaginst Vietnam. Brzezinski called the battle a "proxy war" and he may be right. Because it is a proxy war, neither Moscow nor Peking is likely to get directly involved but will channel aid to their respective clients. If so, the struggle for Cambodia could go on a long time. The advantage lies heavily with the Russian–Vietnamese side however, against the Cambodian domino at the end of the line.

As for the U.S., the low state of our influence in the area is evident from the State Department spokesman's remarks that the U.S. "is studying the new Soviet-Vietnamese treaty," is "seriously concerned over the war" and over a possible Vietnamese victory which "would raise questions about Soviet intentions" (was there ever any doubt?), but nevertheless is harboring "no intention to involve the United States."

Medals for the Wilmington 10?

The Justice Department has joined the Communist Party U.S.A., the Soviet Union, and Amnesty International in support of the Wilmington 10. For the benefit of anyone whose subscription to the *Daily World* has lapsed, the Wilmington 10 are nine black men and one white woman convicted in 1972 for the burning of a Wilmington, North Carolina grocery store during two days of rioting a year earlier. Their cause was swiftly taken up by various left-wing groups, and in April 1977, Amnesty International adopted them as "prisoners of conscience."

The case has been clouded, or is claimed to have been clouded, by retractions and recantations. Allen Hall, one of the prosecution's chief witnesses, withdrew his testimony in 1975, at the law offices of the defense attorney. At the time, Hall had run up a $328 bill for food, lodging, liquor, and phone calls, which the defense paid; he later retracted his recantation in a taped telephone call to the prosecutor, admitting that the defense had pressured and threatened him.

Another source of confusion has been the Reverend Eugene Templeton, pastor of the Wilmington church in which the alleged crimes of the 10 were plotted. Templeton claimed, on a March segment of *60 Minutes*, that he had been intending to testify on behalf of the 10, when he heard rumors that he would be arrested if he did so. What *60 Minutes* failed to mention was that the prosecutor had personally assured the defense that Templeton would not be touched—that, indeed, he wanted Templeton to appear for cross-examination. Templeton never showed up.

The *New York Times Magazine* recently opened another angle on the case by concluding, after a three-month investigation, that although witness Hall was unreliable, most of the defendants were indeed guilty. The *Times*'s reporters quote an anonymous informant who claims to have participated in the bombings: "There were just seven of us. We firebombed about six or seven places on Castle Street. Then we set Mike's Grocery on fire. From Mike's Grocery you could crawl under houses. . . . And under these two houses there were about six of us, and we had—what?—12-gauge pump shotguns, you know? And when the firemen came, we just started shooting at them."

The *Times* story comes at a particularly apposite moment, for the 10 are now seeking reversal on the grounds that the original judge withheld from the defense a revised version of Allen Hall's first statement to the police. The Justice Department supports them with an 89-page friend of the court brief.

The question of punishment is now moot; all the defendants have been paroled, except the group's leader, who is studying at a divinity school in a special prison program. Amnesty International's involvement is also hardly worth comment. The organization, always bedeviled by the fact that totalitarian regimes are harder to monitor than authoritarian ones, has been moving left for some time. Amnesty adopted three other North Carolina rioters in 1972 without even looking at the transcript of the trial.

What *is* new is the unprecedented (no hyperbole, here—this is a first) intervention of the Justice Department at the state level. Clearly, Justice is responding to pressure; and, just as clearly, the pressure comes (*pace* Amnesty International) from the rallies and demonstrations organized by the Communist movement ("All right, we did build the Gulag—but *you* have the Wilmington 10!"). From here, the analysis can go in two directions: Either the Justice Department is staffed by dupes. Or perhaps some Machiavellian at State or the White House rang up Justice and said wouldn't it be nice if we could clear up this Wilmington 10 thing and get on with our human rights campaign, purer than the driven snow . . . Which makes Justice—naïve.

The Ghost of Christmas Past

Kimmel and Short are forgiven
  For being asleep at the switch.
Jefferson Davis as "Rebel"
  No longer makes Northerners twitch.
Even the renegade Arnold
  Has devotees wishing him well,
But Nixon the Watergate Monster
  Must rattle his irons in hell.

W. H. von Dreele

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Ho Ho Ho!

West Germany's B&B (best and brightest) are having a few good guffaws about the official loyalty program, which restricts civil service positions to those who can "guarantee that they espouse at all times the free democratic fundamentals laid out by the basic law" (i.e., the constitution). Some four thousand job applicants have been rejected on loyalty grounds over the past six years. Why, one loyalty report said that a soldier had once said something subversive at breakfast! He suggested, mark you, that East Germany had a better sports program than West Germany! Natch, young people are losing faith in West German democracy, and people are living in fear, and the whole world is laughing, and . . .

It is strange how compelling such arguments are supposed to be. Nobody in America—certainly no liberal—thinks HEW's "affirmative action" excesses call in question the notion of equal civil rights. Anything can be overdone. The question is whether devotion to free democratic principles can be underdone—particularly in a nation half of which is still under totalitarian control. Americans have some excuse for thinking tyranny is remote; Germans don't. It is entirely proper for a government to be concerned about whether its employees—particularly soldiers, teachers, and persons with access to sensitive information—will, in general or in a pinch, serve the interests of a proximate enemy, whose infiltration caused the resignation of that government's last Prime Minister.

Dizzy Dames

New York University was the scene of a recent seminar, titled "Obscenity: Degradation of Women versus Free Speech." It pitted feminists against civil libertarians (not to be confused with libertarians). The issue: should pornography be permitted? Fur flew.

Sure, said such as Herald Price Fahringer, a lawyer: "Bad pornography will perish, and only good pornography will survive—if there is such a thing." Mr. Fahringer has represented such publications as *Screw* and *Hustler.*

If you think Mr. Fahringer's crazy, get a load of Andrea Dworkin, who calls the porn explosion "the new terrorism." She terms the upsurge in depictions of violence against women "death threats to a female population in rebellion," adding, "Female rebellion against male sexual authority is now a reality throughout this country. The men, meeting rebellion with an escalation of terror, hang pictures of maimed female bodies in every public place."

Was Susan Brownmiller there, you ask? Susan Brownmiller *was* there: "It's so easy to be a First Amendment absolutist when the issue is the pornographer's right to make millions off the bodies of women."

Also present was Leah Fritz, who calls porn "gynocidal propaganda" and contends that its increase was spurred by America's defeat in Vietnam. "Men can't stand to lose," she says, "particularly Americans to little men. So women are the cathartic. The blood of women will run to pay for the insult by little men. After all, are not women little men?"

William A. Steiger, R I P

Several of us old-timers met Bill Steiger when he was an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin, and looked like a cover-boy blond pre-adolescent. He was always interested in politics, and inclined to the conservatives at UW, a stronghold of highbrow populism. But the pragmatic imperative prevailed and when, at age 22, he was elected to state office and, at 28, to Congress (as its youngest member) he became a Ripon Republican; but although he courted the middle of the road as though it were the mother-lode of political wisdom, his sense of realism, his mastery of the parliamentary art, and his common sense brought him the respect of all his colleagues. It was he who led last summer the fight for realism in the taxation of capital gains. So deftly did he manage that educational campaign that his name came to national prominence, and almost certainly he would have figured in the vice presidential sweepstakes in 1980. Suddenly, at age forty, the fatal heart-attack, a great personal tragedy for his family, of special acuteness to a nine-year-old, worshipful son; and a blow to the Republican Party, and the nation. Our deepest sympathy to his family and friends.

Notes & Asides

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REMOVE COVER FROM EYEPIECE. AND LO, THERE SHALL BE LIGHT. REGARDS BUCKLEY

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■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Really now, Bill, did you actually believe you could sneak by with that little cover-up of your Panama Canal aberration by stating, in "For the Record," that you didn't hear that any candidate's success or lack of success resulted from support or non-support of the Panama Canal treaties? Have you been to Iowa and talked to Dick Clark lately? Are you sure you are not treating your readers (whom you repeatedly declare to be a bit intelligent) as being naïve or not being very alert?

J. G. Flemming
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Flemming: Since one can think of one hundred reasons why the voters would decline to return Senator Dick Clark, why single out the only position he took while in office that coincided with that of the Chiefs of Staff? Cordially,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It's not a matter of great importance, but I wish you would sort out in *NR* whether or not Mr. McGovern in fact did say those things about those who oppose disarmament that you charged him with saying in the debate on *Firing Line*, and which he denied having said.

Cordially,
Stacy Thomas
McVille, N.D.

September 25, 1978

The Editor
Yale Daily News
202 York Street
New Haven, Ct. 06520

Dear Sir:

At the Political Union's televised debate with George McGovern, I said that his judgment in matters touching on arms control was so deranged that he had labeled as "apes" and "feeble-minded" the senators who voted against the confirmation of Paul Warnke as director of the department of appeasement. Senator McGovern rigorously denied ever doing any such thing. To be sure, his denial was generously phrased—it wasn't I who was intentionally deceiving, he speculated, no doubt it was "bad staff work." I dug up the source, and Senator McGovern is partly right. What I said was based on an article under Senator McGovern's byline published in the February 1978 *Playboy*, page 198. The relevant sentences are: "Paul Warnke, now director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and chief of our delegation to the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, described the [arms race] process a few years ago as two 'apes on a treadmill.' The metaphor ruffled some feathers—or fur—and caused him some trouble in winning Senate confirmation. It sounded as if he were comparatively feeble-minded. But the analogy expressed the reality exactly."

I think it would be fair to leave it this way: I should have been more specific in my allegations, and the Senator should have been more guarded in his denials. Okay?

Yours truly,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

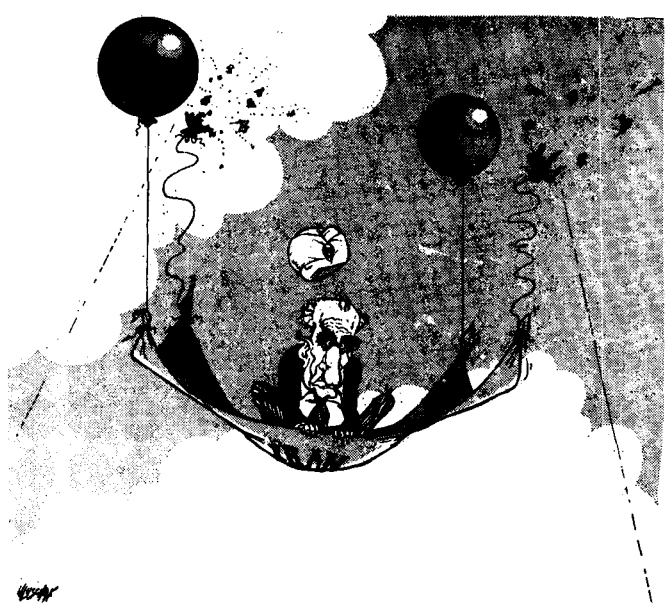
■ Dear Bill:

What I want to know is, are you now or have you ever been an "ultra conservative"?

Such was the characterization given you during a course in U.S. Government at the private girls' school my daughter attends. It was she, in fact, who elicited this crystallization of your political persona. She had presented a project on SALT II, unhappily giving the negative as well as the positive. A realist, she gravitates toward common sense, a posture generally avoided by the media. Finding one of your SALT II columns harmonious with her own sentiments, she undertook to quote you. On hearing your pronouncements, the teacher's antenna predictably rose, and she inquired of my daughter as to her source. One who plays gutsball, my daughter responded fearlessly, "William F. Buckley Jr." To this, a classmate inquired, "Who is he?" (Perhaps a rock group?) Meeting the challenge of enlightening the innocent, the teacher introduced you as "an ultra conservative," rendered with authority identical to "The sun rises in the east." It was likewise accepted as gospel.

Disconsolately,
Bunny Smith (Mrs. D. W.)
Atherton, Calif.

Dear Bunny: Ask the teacher to identify one or more "ultra liberals"—or has ultra liberalism set beyond the western horizon? Love, **—WFB**



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Our Debt to King Hassan

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

It is a sad honor to be invited to take over James Burnham's column temporarily. Sad because of his illness; an honor because it has been, these many years, the best column of its kind in the world.

President Carter and his Administration have now had two weeks to mull over and digest the lessons of the recent state visit by Hassan II, King of Morocco. I wonder whether they have in fact done the mulling and digesting and are planning to act accordingly. I happened to be in Morocco on holiday while the King and his closest advisors were in Washington, and I naturally focused my attention on Morocco's recent involvement in world affairs.

King Hassan, whom I first met years ago when he was Crown Prince to the late Mohammed V, has matured better than some Heads of State (sovereigns or commoners) one could think of. He has wisdom, courage, and decisiveness. Twice in two years, he has reacted with commendable dispatch to meet a strategic challenge in Africa: in April 1977, when he sent 1,500 Moroccan troops to the Shaba province of Zaire (formerly Katanga and the Congo, respectively); and again in June of this year, when he sent a fresh force of 1,500 to the same province.

Taking On Russia

In each case, the challenge was posed by a Cuban-backed invasion force of Katangese exiles. Since the Cubans in Africa are surrogates of the Soviet Union, it is fair to say that little Morocco (population less than twenty million, army 75,000) was taking on the giant Soviet Union.

Of course the King did not stand entirely alone, on either occasion. The first time round, the French provided transportation aircraft. This year, the Moroccans went as the major element in an African security force that was drawn from seven countries, and whose mission was to relieve French and Belgian forces that had landed previously in order to stop tortures and massacres from being carried out by the invaders.

It is sad to recall that the U.S. role in these important events was minimal. On the first occasion, it was limited to the provision of non-lethal military equipment to Zaire. This year, U.S. Air Force cargo aircraft helped ferry Belgian and French men and equipment to Zaire, and on May 18, President Carter ordered fuel, equipment, and medicines to be sent to help President Mobutu cope with the emergency.

Ten days later, Mr. Brzezinski declared on television that "the Cuban government and, in some measure, the Soviet government" bore responsibility for the invasion of Shaba and that the USSR had violated the "code of detente." For this, two days later, *Pravda* accused him of being an enemy of detente—a standard Soviet label for anybody who tells the truth about Moscow's aims and actions.

The contrast between Morocco's decisiveness and America's inertia was instructive. At a press conference in Chicago at the height of this year's Shaba crisis, Jimmy Carter complained about the legislation that placed narrow limits on the "ability of our government, without becoming involved in combat, to act promptly and decisively to help countries whose security is threatened by external force." He was right, in that Zaire at the time was in arrears on debt repayments, and therefore disqualified from receiving fresh military and economic aid; in order to get around that, the President had to invoke an escape clause about national interest.

But, if unhampered by legislation and legislators, would the President have acted more energetically in defense of American and Western interests? The record of U.S. passivity in the face of Soviet, Cuban, and East German interference in Africa, and of preferential treatment for the Soviet-backed terrorists in Rhodesia, suggests otherwise.

But back to Morocco. On the eve of his American trip, the King told a French journalist that he would be taking a few maps of Africa, the Persian Gulf, and the Mediterranean with him and would invite President Carter to join him in "a spot of geography." He was going to point out that Morocco has a strategic advantage, in that it has a two-seas shoreline, on the Mediterranean as well as on the Atlantic; but that if Algeria had its way, it would flank Morocco on both of those shorelines, and Algeria would become the most powerful country in Africa.

In other words, there is more to the Sahara problem than meets the eye—more is at stake than the mere ownership of a strip of sand. Morocco's hold on the Western Sahara, won from Spain through the peaceful "Green March" organized three years ago by King Hassan, is disputed both by Mauritania (in a fairly amicable way) and by Algeria (through subversion and force).

Algeria's instrument for ousting the Moroccans is a group of guerrillas and saboteurs known as Polisario (People's Front for the Liberation of Saguiat el Hamra and Rio de Oro). The "Democratic and Popular Republic of Algeria" foots the bills. Or does it? For Polisario is only one of a lengthy string of terrorist or guerrilla groups which serve the strategic interests of the Soviet Union.

Morocco v. *Algeria*

One of Hassan II's grouses in Washington concerned the American eagerness to buy Algerian gas and reluctance to arm Morocco against Algerian aggression. Despite three attempts on the King's life, Morocco still has an elected parliament with an active opposition; Algeria is a totalitarian dictatorship. Whose side is Carter on?

Another grouse is not usually mentioned: the U.S., France, and West Germany made vague promises to help Morocco meet the heavy expenses incurred in protecting Western interests in Shaba and compensating for America's current impotence. How about paying up? It would be cheap at almost any price. □

Mr. Crozier is director of the Institute for the Study of Conflict in London and author of Strategy of Survival, *which will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue.*

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Escape from Cambodia

PIN YATHAY

My name is Pin Yathay. I am 34 years old and have a degree in engineering from the Polytechnic Institute in Montreal. I was formerly a director of new construction in the Public Works Department in Phnom Penh. I am lucky to be alive. I survived two years and two months of a living hell under the Khmer Rouge. I escaped in June 1977. Here is my story . . .

On April 17, 1975, Phnom Penh was evacuated by order of the victorious, incoming Khmer Rouge forces. Together with my family, I joined three million people on the densely packed routes out of the city. Phnom Penh, our lovely mother city, was left behind us, a ghost town. I lost my entire family—four children, wife, mother, father, grandparents, sisters, brothers, brothers- and sisters-in-law, 18 people in all—in the tragic and terrible events that followed. Now I am completely alone.

When Phnom Penh fell, many Cambodians, myself included, were happy, believing that peace would now return after five years of destruction and a terrible blood-letting. Together with many of my friends—engineers, teachers, government officials, and others in the professions—I rejoiced.

Our joy lasted only a few hours. At 3 P.M. on the same day as the Communists took power, April 17, the order to evacuate the city was given by the Khmer Rouge forces. Those who resisted were shot on the spot. It was at this point that I lost contact with many members of my family.

We walked until we were exhausted and half-delirious with the heat, pain, fatigue, and thirst, and the sight of the unimaginable suffering we witnessed all about us. Many children died along the way.

Ten days later, when we had reached Koh Tom village, 28 miles south of Phnom Penh, we were asked to give up all our papers, books, ID cards, everything that identified us. We were ordered to write down our names and professions in notebooks provided by Khmer Rouge guards.

The next day, April 28, we reached Cheu Khmar village, on the road to Takeo, and there we stayed. Everybody had to work. You worked if you wanted to eat. The evening of every third day we were given political lectures and indoctrination. Our diet was now reduced to a basic staple of rice, nothing else.

People began to exhibit signs of insanity. I witnessed many suicides. Rich Chinese, who had suitcases stuffed with money, suddenly aware that there was no escape, threw themselves into the river and drowned. Many died simply from the terrible ordeal of the evacuation, the forced labor, the lack of the simplest medicines.

During this same period—from May through July of 1975—other terrible events swirled around us.

One day at a political meeting we were asked, "Are any of you from Kompong Speu province?" I raised my hand. So did nearly one hundred others. The following morning we left. By ferry, foot, truck, and wagon we traveled, arriving at last at Takeo, 47 miles south of Phnom Penh, on Route 3. Here we were put to work by Khmer Rouge cadres. We remained at Takeo two and a half months.

It was now the end of September. At one of the evening political meetings we were asked, "Who is from Battambang? Who is from Siem Reap?" I said that my wife was from Battambang province. So, the following day we found ourselves once again on the move. This time we stopped at a pagoda in the district of Angtasom, near Takeo. More than two thousand of us were tightly pressed together in the Buddhist wat (temple). Here we waited, not knowing what to expect. Finally, we were informed that we were waiting for trucks to arrive. Three weeks later, twenty trucks did arrive.

We were packed very tightly into the trucks, and we were forced to abandon all our belongings. Those who did not move fast enough were simply left behind. They were told, "Angka [the organization] will take care of you." Angka, we had come to learn, is the most potent word in the Cambodian Communist lexicon. In its name, the power of life and death is vested in the hands of the lowliest soldier.

Born in Cambodia in 1944, Pin Yathay, after completing high school, went to the Polytechnic Institute of Montreal. Upon graduation, he returned to Cambodia. At the time of the Communist takeover, he was chief of new construction in the Department of Public Works. . . . This article has been translated from the French by James D. McHale, press attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Phnom Penh during the last eight months of the Lon Nol government and one of the last Americans to be evacuated when the city fell to the Communists.

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We passed through Phnom Penh, through Prek Pneuv, Kompong Loeung, Kompong Chhnang. They were all empty. Cambodia was a country without cities.

In my truck, a woman and child died. In other trucks, others died. The corpses were tossed out of the trucks and left along the roadside. The living continued northwest on Route 5, pressed tightly together.

We turned southwest into the Cardamom Mountains. This is an area of rugged mountains and plains and is one of Cambodia's worst, most malaria-infested areas. In the fields along the roadside, people were toiling. Their varied garments and awkward, stiff movements gave them away. These were city-dwellers. Now they toiled silently like brute work animals under the guns of Khmer Rouge soldiers. We passed them, descended from our trucks, and marched several miles. Dusk fell and it began to rain.

That night we slept in the rain. In the morning each family was allotted a plot of ground in the forest and ordered to construct shelters. But there were no materials. Some of us were then given axes, hatchets, or knives and sent into the jungle to cut wood. There were several thousand people in our group.

Several weeks passed. Suddenly, without warning, some of us were ordered to travel from Pursat back to Takeo, nearly 125 miles distant. At Takeo, Khmer Rouge soldiers shouted to us, "Stop! Here! We need labor. You can leave after you sow rice." At Sramar Leav village we labored night and day sowing rice.

I lost track of the terrible things I saw there. Every article, every book about Cambodia under the Khmer Communists is a pale copy of the wretched, ghastly original

We remained at Sramar Leav village until the end of 1975. Our ration was now one milk-tin of dried rice, or half a pound daily, for eight people. Later this was stretched to ten people. The dead and dying were everywhere.

Now it was forced labor 12 hours a day. There were no days off. More people died. I began to lose count of the dead. The poor usually died first. Incredibly, many of the wealthy had managed to hide jewels and precious stones which they exchanged secretly with Khmer Rouge guards for food.

Executions were an everyday occurrence. When anybody asked me what I had done "in the old days" I no longer said, "I was an engineer." I said, "I was a worker at the Public Works Department." It was safer. At Sramar Leav village I counted a total of one hundred people taken away for execution. When the wretched victims were led away they were told that they were being taken for "re-education." Many of my closest friends disappeared. One had graduated with me from the Polytechnic Institute in Montreal. He was a fool: he told the truth and identified himself as an engineer. Shortly after this he was taken away. A well-known writer and head of a writer's league was taken away for execution. There were many, many others . . .

It was the end of 1975 and, again, we were asked that familiar question. This time it had a new twist. "Who wants to leave for a new destination?" I volunteered. So did half the village. By now fully half of the suffering population of the village of Sramar Leav had died. Three members of my family died there. One of my four sons died of beriberi. A twenty-year-old cousin was ordered to join a Khmer Rouge youth organization and "demonstrate his zeal for hard labor." Not long after his departure he visited us secretly. We warned him to be careful. He tried a second time and was arrested. They labeled him a person with "capitalist tendencies" and led him away for execution.

A friend became insane. He was so affected by the abominable crimes he had witnessed that he spoke out openly and condemned them. He was taken away for execution.

I tried now to analyze the awful deeds I had witnessed, to learn some lessons that might keep me alive a little longer. I knew one terrible secret. When the Khmer Rouge asked who wanted to move to another village, or return to a former home, or move to an unknown destination, it was a test. Those who volunteered to move were labeled "individualists," or, in the Khmer Communist lexicon, "less stable elements of the new society." The new destination, I had already learned, was invariably worse than the old, terrible though that may have been. There were bitter, degrading, lower levels of penal servitude.

I had learned this, and yet, each time the opportunity arose, I volunteered to move on. Why? Because each time I moved it meant a new beginning, a chance to lose my identity before it was discovered. I had to bury my past as an engineer associated with the old regime before it was too late. Discovery meant certain death. And, each time I moved I was a little closer to Thailand.

One of my last villages was Doney, situated on the bank of a river 13 miles from Pursat. Pursat, on Route 5, was approximately halfway between Phnom Penh and the Thai border, in northwest Cambodia. I remained there from January 1976 to September 1976. These were among the most terrible months of my life. I lost track of the terrible things I saw there. Every article, every book I have read about Cambodia under the Khmer Communists is a pale copy of the wretched, ghastly original.

In January 1976, we began communal meals. For the first two months we had a reasonable "survivor's ration." This was to celebrate the beginning of the communal eating system. The new system meant that nobody had the right to keep personal cooking utensils or "private" rice. All these now belonged to Angka. Angka would distribue them to the individual.

At the beginning of March 1976, our food ration was cut to one milk-tin of dried rice per day for eight people—what it had been originally. However, up until now we had at least had cooking utensils and were able to cook whatever

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we could beg, borrow, or steal. Now that was no longer possible. There were more deaths. Controls were very tight.

At this village, Doney, I estimated that 80 per cent of the population died. I watched the second of my four sons die. He looked at me with wide, imploring eyes in an emaciated face. He cried. I knew the end was near and I, too, wept. I wept in my helplessness, for I could do nothing to save him from death.

Now any mistake was fatal. A person caught stealing anything, regardless of how trivial—fruit, a few grains of rice—was condemned to death. Humans, cats, dogs, all disappeared. There were macabre incidents—starving people who ate the flesh of the dead. It was a period of acute famine. My brain was numb from the suffering and death I witnessed.

A woman teacher ate the flesh of her own dead beloved sister. For this she was taken by Khmer Rouge guards and beaten in front of the entire village. They beat her without mercy from the morning until the evening, when, thank God, she died. And all this time her own child sat weeping, helpless and baffled, beside her.

In a clinic near the village several rooms were filled with the sick. They were relieved from labor—but there was a penalty for falling sick: their rice ration was cut in half. This meant more deaths from starvation. Since there were many, many sick people, in each room of the hospital there was death—every day.

In one room I remember some patients hid the body of a dead man. Some of them, desperate in their hunger, ate his flesh. Three or four days later the Khmer Rouge discovered their crime. Communist guards rounded up about forty of the accused and took them away to a special camp. In this camp there were other "criminals" accused of thievery. The rice ration for these inmates was one tin of dried rice for forty persons per day! Three months later all but three were dead.

TWELVE of my 18 relatives were dead. My sixty-year-old father, sick and exhausted, was put in the clinic. His food ration was cut in half and he died quickly. My mother, sick and suffering with dysentery, was also hospitalized. My sister tried to take care of her, but my sister died first. Then my sister-in-law, who had already lost her husband, volunteered to look after my mother. But, again, it was my sister-in-law who died. Not long after, my mother followed her to the grave.

A son of my dead brother was a different case. He was a vigorous, robust youth. He was determined to demonstrate his revolutionary spirit and win favor with the Khmer Rouge. But he caught a fever and in just two days he was dead.

Following the deaths of my sister-in-law and her son, there were just four members of my family still alive. At this point the Khmer Rouge leader of our village told me that my nine-year-old son, Sudath, was displaying "individualistic tendencies" and should join an Angka youth organization. I called him to me and looked at him sorrowfully. But he had already made up his mind.

"Father," and I could see the words hurt him, "I will go. Perhaps at the next place there will be more to eat." I

watched him leave and my heart, which I thought had no emotion left in it, was full to bursting. Five days later I was informed that he was dead. There was no explanation of how or why. They handed me his clothes. He was already buried. I could only weep my tears of rage, frustration, and sorrow.

Now there were three of us left, my six-year-old son, my wife, and myself. We were all sick. Our bodies were swollen from beriberi and malnutrition. We could not possibly survive much longer. And now came another stroke of bad fortune.

A stranger stopped me. He spoke in a hostile tone. "I know you. Your name 'Tay' is a fake. Your true name is Yathay . . . Pin Yathay." He looked at me coldly. "You were a director of new construction in the Public Works Department in Phnom Penh." I studied the man closely and then recognized him. He was a former worker at one of the Department of Public Works' construction sites. This could be the end. I tried to think quickly.

"Yes. That was my name. But my name is now Tay. I have abbreviated my former name. I now call myself 'technician' rather than 'engineer.' After all, comrade, we do not wish to employ lofty titles in the new Cambodia, do we? We all must show our revolutionary spirit and join the ranks of the people." I paused and gave him a defiant look. Would it work? "This is why I dig canals and do hard, menial labor with the people." His hard stare and stony silence were enough to convince me that my wretched life would soon be ended. Did it matter any longer?

A few days later a friend whispered, "Your name is on the death list." The next few days passed in fearful waiting but, strangely, the Khmer Rouge guards did not come to "take me to Angka." Then it dawned on me. I was so ill with beriberi and malnutrition they expected me to die anyway. So, they would let nature take its course and save a bullet. I was spared from forced labor for one month, and during that month I made plans.

Tales of Khmer Rouge brutality in the occupied Communist zones of Cambodia had trickled down during the last months of the war, but I had dismissed them as government propaganda. Now I saw they were true, and cursed my stupidity for having ignored them. My wife and I held

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a family conference. When I looked at her emaciated form, sorrow filled my heart. We were both walking skeletons.

"It is better if you stay with our son. We will make our way to another village and I will leave you both with false identification cards. It is better that I make my way alone."

"No," she said, "we have been through too much already together to separate now." Her look said it all. "It is better to die together than separately." I knew she was right. Then and there we took a vow to stay together, come what may.

But we could not leave immediately. Our six-year-old son, our only surviving child, was ill. I put him in the clinic. In one of our daily visits I noticed a sick woman lying nearby. She informed me that she had lost all six of her own children. Then she looked at me curiously.

"It is strange. Your son resembles one of my own." She turned away and wept. I thought of the dangerous journey that lay ahead, of the terrible risks to be taken. If my son remained in the clinic, was there an outside chance he might survive? I made a painful decision. "Accept my child as your own and care for him." She looked at me, astonished. Then she smiled a smile of deep gratitude. Another young woman who had lost every member of her family decided to join us in our escape attempt.

We slipped away from Doney in September 1976 and reached the village of Leach, just south of Pursat, where I contacted a friend. He, in turn, put me in contact with the wife of the village headman. When I paid her three taels of gold (120 ounces), her husband, the headman, agreed to let us stay.

We remained at Leach from September 1976 to May 1977. During the first months of our stay I tried continually to get news of my son at the clinic in Doney. Finally, word filtered down to me via the grapevine that all the children in that clinic had died. But I continued to hope that by some miracle my son might yet be alive.

At Leach it was again a 12-hour work day. But every other day we were forced to attend day-long political indoctrination sessions. That meant a physical rest, time off from the back-breaking labor in the rice fields.

My wife was hospitalized here for nearly four months. I was permitted to visit her once every three weeks. But at night I sneaked through the rear door of the clinic, past the unsuspecting guards, to bring her rice or simple medicines. It was a dangerous game, but my wife survived.

It was time to make our final break for freedom. There were now 13 in our group, nine men and four women. I had managed to remain more or less free from burdensome toil in the last month, during which I took care of the logistics for our group. First I collected everyone's remaining hidden jewelry. This I exchanged for two-thirds of a pound of rice, sugar, and some chickens. For the first time in a year my wife and I ate as much as we wanted. We tried to prepare ourselves by consuming as much food as our bodies could take. Since we could not carry much with us we would store energy for the arduous, dangerous journey ahead. Mobility was essential. Based on the dismal record of those who had preceded us in escape attempts, the odds were four to one against our survival.

Leach is about seventy miles due west of the Thai border. It lies in the jungle area of the Cardamom Mountains. Our village was heavily guarded by Khmer Rouge soldiers. The border, we knew, was also well guarded. Our Khmer Rouge guards frequently reminded us that anybody caught trying to escape would be executed. At last, on May 24, 1977, we headed south, then due west, toward Thailand.

I ate the leaves of trees, unknown fruits, turtles, and frogs. The last turtle, I ate raw. Three vultures circled above me. They had been following me for a week

Two days later we ran into a Khmer Rouge patrol. Half our group was captured and executed. But my wife and I escaped. We lost track of most of the remaining survivors, if any. We climbed up and down heart-breaking hills and mountains. Then, another Khmer Rouge patrol closed in. I was lucky and slipped through their net. But in the chase I became separated from my wife and the only other surviving woman in our group. Both were captured and, I have little doubt, executed. I was totally alone, exhausted, and filled with despair.

I had no food, no shoes. But, I was still free. I had not tasted a grain of rice in three weeks. I ate the leaves of trees, unknown fruits, turtles, and frogs. The last turtle, I ate raw. Three vultures circled above me. They had been following me for a week.

I had three more encounters with Khmer Rouge patrols. Twice I was lucky. I saw them first and hid. The third time, at the edge of a river, I was not so lucky. Once again I was a prisoner. I no longer cared whether I lived or died. I

(Continues on page 1594)

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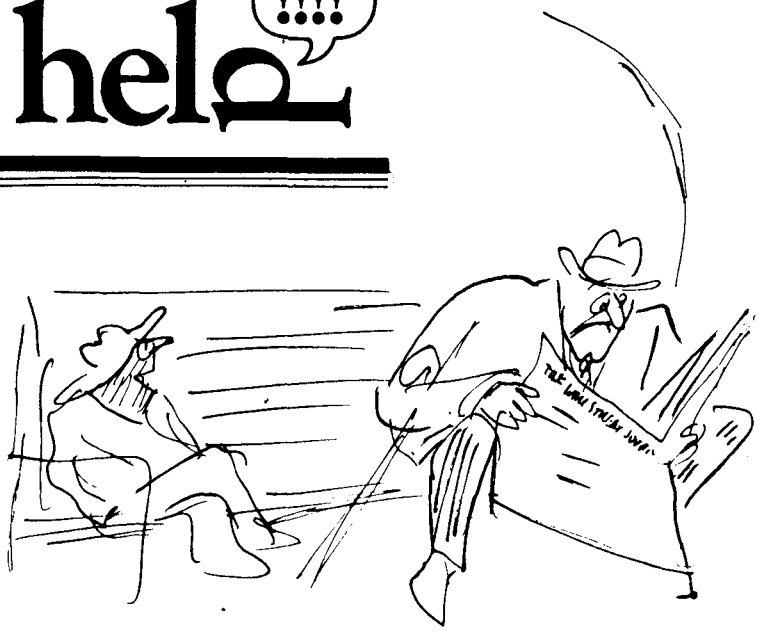
help!!!!

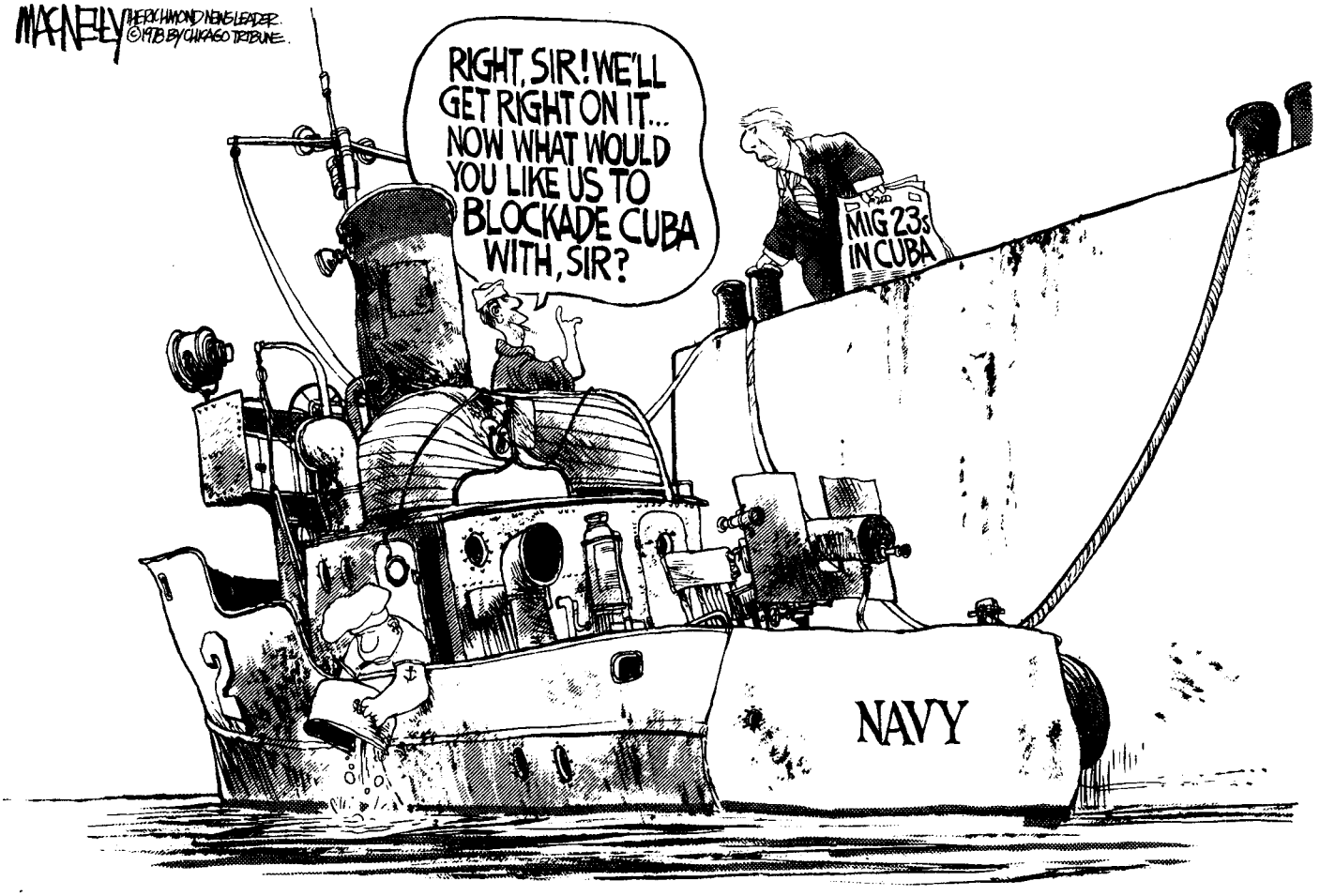


"Yesterday the thrill of UP, *today the agony of* DOWN."

Two Weeks' Notice, Please

The Russians, digging holes likes moles
To counteract our fall-out goals,
At long last got to Jimmy, who
Gave CD planners something new,
To wit: We'll beat the awful blast
By clearing New York City fast
And moving folks to field and stream
Where fall-out fears are just a dream.
The hitch is, once it's time to scat,
The only thing I'll hear is, "Splat!"

W. H. VON DREELE


MACNELLY
THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER.
©1978 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
RIGHT, SIR! WE'LL GET RIGHT ON IT... NOW WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE US TO BLOCKADE CUBA WITH, SIR?
MIG 23s IN CUBA
NAVY

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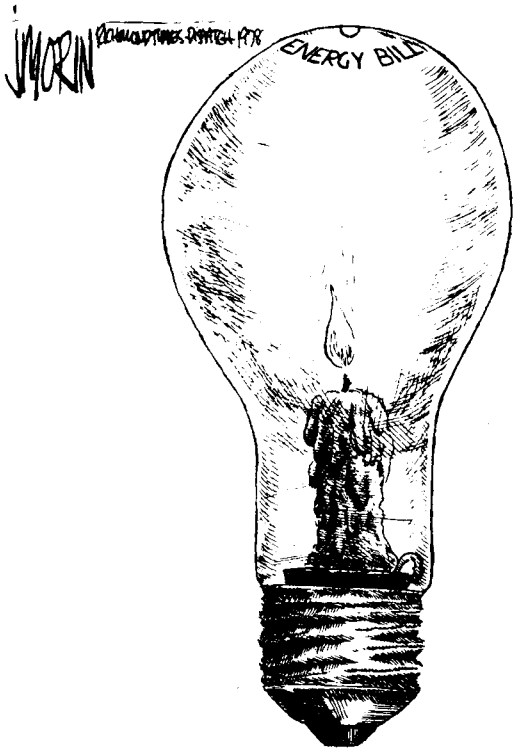
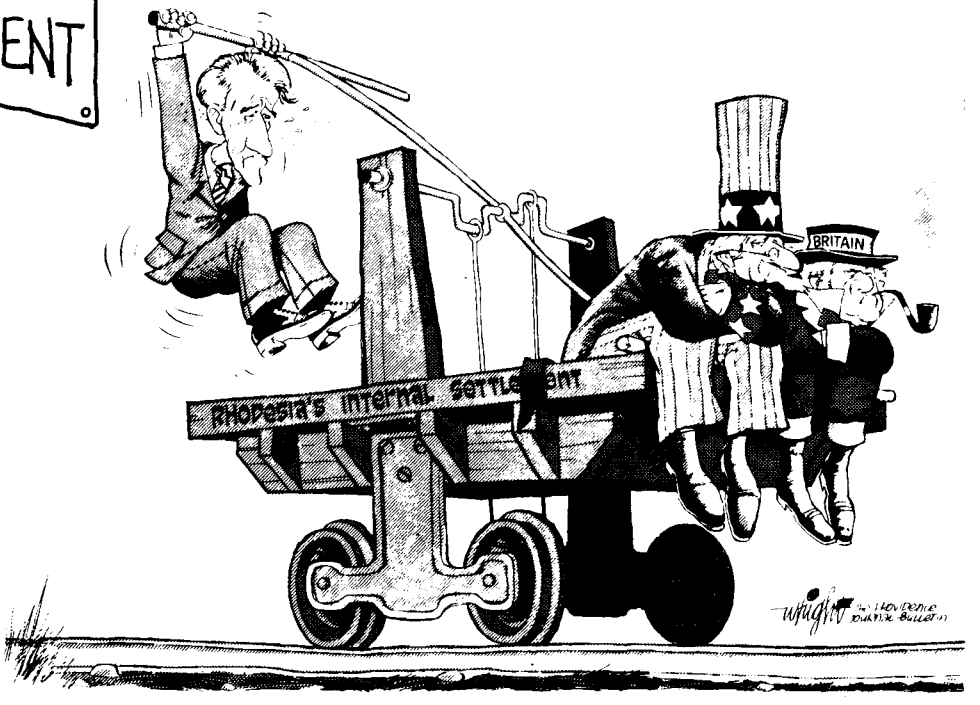


"He's trying to get in the Guinness Book of World Records *for keeping a ping-pong ball aloft three hours with 'Flight of the Bumblebee.'"*



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YATHAY

(Continued from page 1591)

was ready to rejoin my sons, my father and mother, my beloved wife in the life beyond.

There were twenty soldiers in the patrol. Their leader, I subsequently learned, was away traveling along the Thai-Cambodian border.

The second-in-command looked at me coldly.

"You came from Thailand . . . right?" The question puzzled me. Then I understood. The mission of this group was to prevent anti-Khmer Rouge Cambodian resistance fighters from infiltrating Cambodia from Thailand. I hesitated, pondering my answer. Then I decided on my strategy.

"No. I am trying to escape to Thailand because I know that Thailand still has the kind of freedom we used to enjoy in Cambodia." I paused, then continued. "I want to go there but I don't know where Thailand is. The 12 companions who escaped with me are all dead." Then I asked the crucial question. "By the way, where *is* Thailand?" A diminutive peasant boy, barely in his teens, answered.

"We don't know." I judged this to be true. I had one advantage. I knew from my earlier study of the terrain that I must cross a large river, the Menam. I asked one more question.

"What is the name of that river?" I pointed to the broad stream flowing nearby. Another replied: "The Menam." Now I knew I was just three miles from the Thai border. I also knew it was only a matter of time until they executed me. I turned to the second-in-command.

"Listen. I know you are going to kill me. I ask only one favor. I am dying of starvation. Let me eat before you execute me." He looked at me, puzzled.

"We don't kill Khmer. We need your labor." I did not believe him. I had seen too many innocents led to the slaughter by their Khmer Rouge captors.

THAT AFTERNOON I had a call of nature. I informed the guards and one of them gave me a shovel. Two of them then accompanied me a little distance from our shelter. I dug a hole and relieved myself. At the same time I used the opportunity to study the landscape. Before me was the river, about two hundred yards wide and with a strong current. I also noticed a cable stretched across the river and a raft on the bank on our side of the river. I guessed that the guards propelled themselves across the river on the raft, using the cable, hand over hand.

That night they fed me. After supper the second-in-command told me:

"We are going to tie you up. You see, there are mines and guards all around us. If you should wander around at night you might be accidentally killed. So, we do this for your own safety. There will be two guards with you tonight." His tone suddenly went hard. "And they are armed with Chinese machine pistols."

On the second day of my capture the chief returned. He did not speak to me. That night I was fed again. Once again they tied me up. I saw no means of escape.

I fell asleep quickly in spite of my fear and the deep-seated knowledge that death was now not far away. At about 11 o'clock that night I jerked awake with a sharp pain in my bowels.

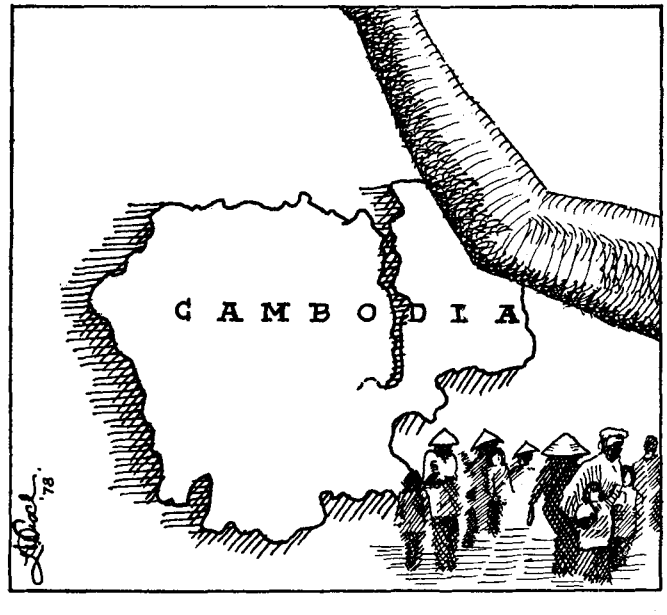
"Comrade!" I nearly shouted. "I have a pain and must relieve myself." The two guards awoke, grumbling and complaining.

"You relieved yourself this afternoon. Why again?" But I insisted. Relenting, one of them went for a bucket and shovel. The other untied the cord that held me to the metal cot frame, but my elbows were still tied tightly behind me. The other guard dug a hole about ten yards from the shelter. But, with my elbows tied I was unable to unbutton my pants. I asked for help. One of the guards then loosened my bindings and permitted me just enough slack in the cord to unbutton my pants. I relieved myself. At that moment thunder pealed and lightning flashed and the heavens opened. A hard, pelting rain fell on us. We ran back to the shelter. Then, an instinct, an animal instinct for survival, led me to draw a tiny portion of slack on my bonds and tuck this little residue under my armpit. It could be critical.

Back in the shelter one of the guards pulled the cord tight to retie me to the cot. Quietly I resisted with body tension, just enough to retain a miserly portion of the slack under my arm. But it might be enough. It was dark and the guard did not observe closely.

I pulled my jute bag coverlet over me. Then I went to work under the coverlet and began drawing hard on the slack. A half-hour later the cord on my arms was loosened. I released the rest of my bonds and I was free. I kept the coverlet over me to conceal my movements. I cautioned myself not to panic, to move slowly, but it was not easy. Now I was terrified that I would be discovered at the last, critical minute. Each flash of lightning showed me the position of the guards. All but two had fallen asleep and these sat talking. At long, irregular intervals one of them would examine me. Then, when I judged the moment right, I gathered the coverlet and shaped it to simulate my body on the bed. Then I dropped to the ground.

Outside the shelter I moved quickly up a steep hill. It was situated on our side of the river. I walked making heavy footprints a short way up the hill, then, with very light



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steps, retraced my way down, hoping the rainfall would complete the job of wiping out the down track. Then, with light steps and further step-by-step efforts to erase my prints, I clambered down the bank to the river. I found the cable and the raft though it seemed to take hours. I made the first of several critical decisions. I would not take the raft. If it were missing, the guards would know I had crossed the river in spite of my ploy with the fake footprints. Instead, I used the cable and moved across the river through the churning rapids. In the middle of the river I found myself chin-deep and buffeted by swirling rapids. I was thoroughly exhausted. But my two-day rest, the food I had eaten, and the cable all worked to my advantage.

I crossed, then looked back. I studied the opposite bank. All was quiet. It was inconceivable that the dark, quiet shoreline opposite me could conceal so many terrible secrets. Now I knew them all. I turned to face Thailand and Freedom. Before me was a flat plain that disappeared into a thick forest. To my right was a mountain. I chose the mountain, reasoning that this would appear the least likely of my choices. Besides, in the darkness I feared becoming lost in the forest and turning in circles. I climbed the mountain with all the strength I had left. I collapsed, exhausted, near the summit, crawled behind a large rock for concealment, and slept.

The next day it rained again. I had reached the summit of the mountain but I was still fearful of becoming lost and accidentally turning back on my track. I walked for another hour, paused to get my bearings, then pushed my way through some brush and—there, far below me, was a road and some cars. I pressed forward, overjoyed, then stumbled and nearly fell into a precipitous ravine thirty yards deep! I grabbed overhead, clutched a hanging vine, and came swinging down like Tarzan. At the bottom I was nearly impaled on sharpened bamboo stakes that covered a wide area. I stopped and hid myself again, trembling. Was I still in Cambodian territory?

Before me was a stream. I followed it. I saw no soldiers, no mines. By about three in the afternoon I was so exhausted I was crawling on all fours.

I saw a file of soldiers and my heart sank, but the uniforms were strange. Thais. They took me prisoner and escorted me to the patrol leader. He looked at me coldly.

"Where is your weapon?" I stared at him blankly.

"What weapon?"

"You are a Khmer Rouge . . ."

"No. I have escaped. All my friends were killed. I alone survived."

"It is impossible to escape from Cambodia." The patrol leader spoke in a tone of disbelief. "Khmer Rouge patrols—the mines along the border—it is impossible to escape." He spoke Cambodian in slow and halting fashion but I understood him. It was clear he did not believe me. They held me in a small hut while they discussed my case. A stranger appeared. He introduced himself as an American Baptist missionary in the area.

'Where is your weapon?' I stared at him blankly.
'What weapon?'
'You are a Khmer Rouge . . .'
'No. I have escaped. All my friends were killed. I alone survived.'

"They tell me you have an unusual background—that you have studied at the Polytechnic Institute in Montreal, that you have visited several cities in the United States, my home country." The missionary was polite but firm. Clearly he did not know whether I was a Khmer Rouge "plant" or a genuine escapee. The Thais were using him to test my "American background."

"Yes. That is all true." I tried to smile but did not succeed.

"Well, tell me a little about some of the cities you have visited." We proceeded through an interrogation designed to verify my improbable background. At the end of an hour the American missionary was convinced. He told the Thai officers: "Gentlemen. Improbable though it may seem, this man is for real."

The patrol leader studied me, a puzzled look on his face. Slowly, a broad smile spread over his features. He clapped me on the shoulder and laughed.

"Incredible! Come. You must be hungry . . ." □

A Thai police photograph of Pin Yathay shows a starved, emaciated old man, the kind of face that greeted American soldiers who liberated the inmates of Belsen or Auschwitz. He is unrecognizable in this first photo taken shortly after his escape to Thailand. Pin Yathay remained one month in prison in Thailand, then two months in a Thai refugee camp. From here he emigrated to France where he now lives. He has one message for the American people: "Save those of us who are still alive before it is too late."

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SPECIAL REPORT

A Look at Soviet Antisemitism

RICHARD BROOKHISER

LAST MONTH, over a hundred representatives of American Jewish organizations gathered in New York City to ponder a grim topic: the appearance, for the first time in 33 years, of organized, government-sponsored antisemitism in a major world power. That power is the Soviet Union.

"We consider the Soviet Union to be the most dangerous source of antisemitism in the world today," said Burton Joseph, the moderator of the National Conference on Soviet Anti-Semitism, in his opening remarks. William Korey, the Director of International Policy Research for B'nai B'rith, then undertook to show why. The current Soviet campaign began in August 1967, two months after the Six Day War, with an article appearing in all the major provincial papers entitled "What is Zionism?" "A wide network of Zionist organizations," the article declared, "with a common center, a common program, and funds exceeding by far the funds of the Mafia 'Cosa Nostra,' is active behind the scenes of the international theater."

Soviet writers, at least at first, professed to distinguish between Zionists and Jews. But over the years, the distinction has blurred, until now it is fairly commonly asserted that the noxious elements of Zionism spring directly from Jewish beliefs. Trofim Kichko's *Judaism and Zionism*, published in 1968 in an edition of sixty thousand copies, declared that "the 'Holy' Scriptures teach the observant Jews to hate people of another faith and even destroy them"; while Vladimir Begun's book *The Creeping Counter-Revolution* (1974, 25,000 copies) branded the Torah "an unsurpassed textbook of bloodthirstiness, hypocrisy, . . . and moral degeneracy."

Such opinions are amplified by all the resources of the Soviet information machine. Anti-Zionist books come out in increasingly large editions (up to 200,000 volumes); anti-Zionist reviews and articles appear in major newspapers and magazines; anti-Zionist speakers tour the Soviet lecture circuit. On January 22, 1977, Soviet television carried, in prime time, an hour-long documentary entitled "Traders of Souls." "Zionists" were shown paying off anti-Soviet demonstrators in London with £5 notes, and Russian Jewish dissidents were described as "soldiers of Zionism within the Soviet Union." Even the Academy of Sciences is not exempt: *International Zionism: History and Politics* appeared under the Academy's imprint in the summer of 1977, and accused the "Jewish bourgeoisie" of attempting to control "the economic system of world capitalism," particularly the "military-industrial complex."

THE SOVIETS are not just concerned with the domestic market. Anti-Zionism is a staple of broadcasts to the Arab world, as one might imagine; but the Soviets have also aimed at less likely targets. In September 1972, the Soviet embassy in Paris distributed an article published in the *USSR Bulletin*, charging, among other things, that Jews are allowed to "test the effect of a drug" on non-Jews. The French courts fined the editor 1,500 francs. Even more bizarrely, the attendants of a Russian space exhibit at the Ontario Science Center this fall were found passing out copies of an antisemitic book. Such activities, Mr. Korey fears, will be repeated at the 1980 Olympics.

Antisemitism has several rational uses. Shmuel Ettinger, of Hebrew University in Jerusalem, suggested that it seems to be a natural fall-out of struggles for power. The intelligence and defense agencies, humiliated by the Six Day War, are especially fond of it. Ethnic Russians also manipulate anti-Jewish feeling to deflect the growing nationalism of Soviet minorities—since Soviet Jews are both numerically insignificant, and over-represented in white-collar jobs, it is relatively painless to redistribute the plums at their expense. Uri Raanan, of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts, added that antisemitism has strong appeal in Third World countries which have industrious minorities of their own—Chinese in South Asia, Indians in Africa. Domestically, the Soviets also benefit from the fact that many Jewish Communists were sent out to administer the provinces in the early days of the Revolution; and so Jews are remembered (and resented) in the Ukraine, and elsewhere, as Russifiers.

But Soviet antisemitism, Raanan went on, is also an obsession. The Soviet leadership cynically manipulates crackpots, and may even hold crackpot opinions itself. Much of the present campaign leaps back to Nazi, even pre-Nazi, fantasies. A 1975 article in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* approvingly cited the lucubrations of Henry Ford. The article distributed by the Russian Embassy in Paris followed, almost word for word, a reactionary Russian pamphlet published in 1906. A more recent *Komsomolskaya Pravda* article linked Zionists and Freemasons; while Tsezar Solodar's *Wild Wormwood* (1977, 200,000 copies) charged Jews with "trad[ing] in feminine flesh." At least some of this rubs off on the leadership (or is present in them to begin with) —when Soviet bigwigs went to Tierna, Czechoslovakia in July 1968, to try to cool off the Prague Spring, they accused the startled representatives of Dubcek's government of being manipulated by Prague Zionists.

None of this so far has led to violence. "I don't want to talk about pogroms around the corner," said Vladimir Lazaris, a Russian Jewish émigré and former editor of *samizdat*. Even assuming the Soviets intend no mayhem, however, Lazaris warned that the campaign sows dangerous seeds.

Nor is it a solution simply to whisk all Jews beyond the Kremlin's reach. Many do not want to leave (many refused to leave Nazi Germany, even while it was possible); and the Soviet Union is carrying its propaganda beyond its own borders, to Asia, Africa, and South America. The only solution, the participants concluded, is to insist that the propaganda mills be shut; and this they intend to urge the governments of the free world to do. □

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FOR THE AGES

Off the Sleeve

RICHARD STERN

WASHINGTON. The Boss is away. Stroking the citizens of Clinton, Massachusetts and the world—this last, at the UN, where he sends out the good old, but apparently disturbing, word that the U.S. doesn't like to see people shoved into loony bins for saying that things can be improved in Prague, Moscow, Guatemala City, or Washington, D.C.

In Washington, a perfection of spring. The cherry trees are little Japanese gentlemen blooming in the wisdom, not of Tanizaki's mad old lustful man, but of the pictures of Hokusai and even more venerable depictors. The flowers peek and smile: "More of us are on the way." I walk around the Washington I haven't seen in 11 years; and it comes back, the formidable marble miles, the intermissions of sunken plazas, the magnolias, the squares, the odd nineteenth and—rare and getting rarer—eighteenth century nooks.

Reverie

I call Walter Wurfel, the President's Deputy Press Secretary. "He's with the President in New York," says a cheerful Southern baritone. The phone had rung ten times before it was picked up.

"May I leave a message?"

"I'll go find a secretary."

A wait. The search is useless, the voice, laughing, is back on the phone. "Doesn't seem to be anyone around."

Am I calling City Hall in Duffville some Saturday afternoon in the deer season? No, it's the White House at three o'clock on a March Thursday.

"May I leave a message with you?"

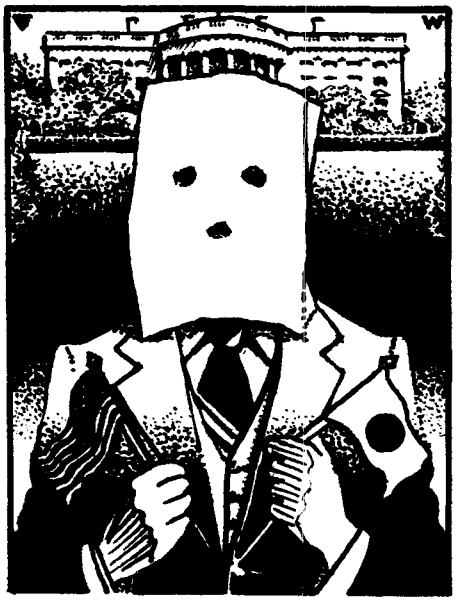
"Surely."

I leave the reminder that I'm the fellow Wurfel asked to come and talk about a "down-to-earth"—his description, not mine—piece on the President. I was thinking of John Hersey's piece on Truman. Or Ford. (Small pickings there.) "I'll call again tomorrow."

When I get back from my walking tour and supper, there's a message taped to the stairs (the routine in the amiable house in which I'm staying). "Tom Drummond returned your call from the White House."

I call Tom Drummond; he's just "responding to your call." (Of such is the kingdom of electronic nullity.) Next day, I do get Wurfel on the phone, and we "set up an appointment" on Monday morning so I can get "cleared" over the weekend. (I give him birth date and Social Security number. "That's all I need.")

The weekend is mine, and I'm suddenly energized by the ease of my effort. My idea is an overflow from the completion of a novel about a journal-



ist: I'll spend three days a year for four years in the Oval Office watching what happens to Carter over the presidential term. I'll have both propinquity for observation and scarcity for distance. I won't be writing retrospectively (like aides, friends, assistants, ministers of state), and I won't be writing pleading memoirs (Sorensen, Valenti, Safire). I'll be testing Lord Acton's maxim with sharp impressions; Monet with a pen.

In the bathtub, I conjure up my Monday conversation with Wurfel, then try it soapily on Jody Powell, then—getting a little weary of it—on Hamilton Jordan. And finally on Carter himself. In the bathtub reverie, the President—I call him Mr. Carter or Jimmy—and I get on splendidly. He's for real, he's smart, we hit it off. I've asked for five minutes, but have to tear myself from his grip after an hour. He tries to keep me there, but I remember the nation and tell him to get back to work. End of bath.

Bless My Banker's Suit

I bus downtown, and wander the mausoleum corridors of the Senate Office Building. I stop at George McGovern's plaque. I'd spent a long Chicago day with him back in 1970, a fine fellow already en route to his catastrophe. He has a few minutes before a lunch date. We talk in his new, large office. I remark its handsomeness. He colors, is apologetic—he thinks he'll convert some of it into work space. The deep eyes, oddly set as if they belong to a different, more statuesque head, seem to me heavy with aborted purpose. He looks a bit shrunken in his dark suit. How is he on Carter? Not exuberant. "The man's a genius of public relations. That's about it." Dope that I am, I ask what he would have done in his first days in office. He swallows, the forehead glows, but he says quietly that the war dominated everything then—he'd planned to announce a way to end it, then declare a general amnesty. We talk of his recent visit with Castro. Has he heard from the White House? "I didn't expect to hear from them."

The rest of the weekend I see friends and museums, watch kites flying in the Mall, visit the great hall in the National Portrait Gallery where Walt Whitman nursed soldiers in the Civil War. Outside the Corcoran Gallery, huddled near the air vents, is a cluster of bums.

Mr. Stern is a professor of English at the University of Chicago. His books of fiction include Golk, Stitch, In Any Case, Other Men's Daughters, *and, most recently,* Natural Shocks.

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Just a block from the White House.

Monday, the White House. My hostess braves the traffic (there are no cabs afloat) and gets me to within a couple of blocks of the northwest gate, where I stand in a little anteroom surrounded by photographers, mostly Japanese.

Bless my three-piece banker's suit. The security cop spots me, I tank my way through the photographic canaille, get a Visitor's Badge, and walk the curving driveway toward the famous serrated sandstone, enter the Press Lobby, go down a hall lined with puerile etchings (*A Fireman's Life* and *The Cares of a Family*—a swan family!) to a little room filled with secretarial desks. There isn't much action, only occasional phone-ringing and small traffic. Under glass, like stuffed game birds, are two ticker-tape machines. The UPI one types out an earthquake scene: "Snakes came out of hibernation, small pigs bit each other, cows fought, deer ran away, turtles jumped out of the water and cried, hens flew to treetops, geese panicked." (The makings of an Auden poem.) The AP ticker reports the impending White House reception of Premier Fukuda of Japan. Ah so: that explains all those small photographers.

The Little Couple

Wurfel is young, pleasant, bright, soft-mustached, blue-eyed, and surprised at my project. "You mean you wouldn't publish till after the election? You know we work on a half-hour deadline around here." He asks if what I'm planning is psycho-history.

"No way."

He works himself up into kindly enthusiasm. "This could be as important for the Presidency as for Carter." What a note. He must have been taping the bathtub. In the manner of my reverie, he seems more reluctant than I to end the talk.

His secretary is tuned to our good feeling. She takes my arm, offers me a little Japanese flag, and we go out to the lawn to help receive Premier Fukuda. I go with the reporters and stand across from Vance, Mondale, Mrs. Vance, an admiral in many spangles (who turns out to be Turner of the CIA). Vance's hands slice and circle; he's illustrating points for two Japanese gentlemen and Mondale (the Japanese are identified for me by my neighbor, a Japanese reporter: the Ambassador and Foreign Secretary). Mondale has a sweet-bird-of-youth face, one it's hard to see on a fifty-cent piece. (But, who knows? Men's faces turn into their jobs.)

A voice spooks out of the glittering house: "The President of the United States and Mrs. Carter." Hand-in-hand come the little couple, mouthing happy talk with each other. They smile at their government, at the Vances, Turners, and Mondales fixed on their name plates, all attention. Sight of the Boss does something to the spine. In thirty seconds a limousine sweeps around the bushes, and out step a smiling old cherry tree of a man and a terrific little dish, something out of Sei Shonagon's *Pillow Book*. I'm surrounded by camera clicks and buzzes: "Who's the chick?" "Not his wife?" "Daughter?" "Interpreter?"

Diplomatic arms are circling, Carter's and Fukuda's, Rosalynn's and the dish's. The men climb the reviewing stand, the band plays anthems, cannons shoot orange flowers, flags shiver, the great white obelisk looks goofily down on all, and, half a mile away, the cherry trees wave at us from the Tidal Basin.

The troops get reviewed. Carter moves oddly, right leg caving slightly at the knee, the walk of a marionette whose puppeteer is looped. Back at the stand, a gracious speech: "We've arranged this weather for the Prime Minister," something about our two great nations, and a word about the cherry trees preparing to blossom forth. (Premier Fukuda, who's actually seen them, says later, "How nice to see the blossoms blooming.") While Fukuda speaks, Carter seems tuned to hidden music. (Plugged into Brahms from the office hi-fi?) Mrs. Carter is looking—in fact glaring—at me. Am I looking too hard at everything? Do I bulk too gross over my Japanese neighbors? Do I have—despite my banker's worsted—an assassin's look? I stare back, her eyes shift. In my heart, there is a small whiff of lust.

Vance too has given me a quizzical look. Has he seen my assessment of him and his wife? For I overplay my impressions (what else do I have?) and see a certain bleakness in their kindly, dutiful stiffness. There have been too many scheduled events in those lives.

The speech is over. I ask my Japanese neighbor if the Premier speaks elegant Japanese.

"He not talk from text. He speak off the sleeve."

The Premier beams, waves, the Vance Crowd applauds, then the Old Blossomer, his dish, and the Carters walk up the beautiful curved staircase and stand for a regal minute on the Truman balcony before going inside. The Vance Crowd trails after them.

Mustn't Do That

Carolyn, the secretary, has my arm. "I thought I'd lost you." We walk back with Ann Compton, a hefty young woman from ABC who says she asked Carter in church yesterday morning what he was doing about the spring. "He said, *'Es muy frio.'* " (This remark is now part of the Sacred Text.)

There's a briefing. A pretty blonde complains about all the cherry-blossom talk. "*Oy vey*," she says in a pronunciation not learned at mother's breast. "Where we gonna get substance?" She moves toward the briefing room. I follow but am told, "It's only for Pool." I walk down the driveway, surrender my pass, and enter the banal world. A well-dressed woman hands me a mimeographed sheet about her son, a Vietnam MIA. "In not demanding his release, President Carter is guilty of violating Nick Brook's human rights."

A week later, back in Chicago, my pal John Hope Franklin hails me on 58th Street. I tell him my White House project—does he know any comparable pieces I should read? He'll let me know, and meanwhile tells me *his* White House anecdote. He's part of a Committee—Harriman, Rusk, et al.—to recommend ambassadors. They were in the Oval Office the other day, Carter came in, they all stood, and Carter said, "You mustn't do that." He talked for half an hour about the sort of appointments he wanted to make, said he wanted to see each of them individually sometime, he hoped they'd excuse him today. As he left, they stood up again. He said, "I said you mustn't do that."

The Office. The Office.

I write up my proposal for Wurfel, over-studded with gems from Plutarch,

(Continues on page 1613)

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Chinese Puzzle

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IT IS IRONIC that China, remote heartland of the legendary inscrutable East, is actually more accessible, at least culturally, than Russia. Only a very thorough knowledge of the Russians' history, religion, and language can give the Westerner even an inkling of their mind and character, which Winston Churchill once described as "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

Still, China puzzles Westerners. And it is true that in temperament the Russian is far closer to us than the Chinese, whose inner detachment seems totally alien. The Russian, by contrast, is profoundly committed (Western statesmen would have learned a great deal if they had studied Dostoyevsky's prophetic novel, *The Possessed*). Religion in our Western sense has no real Chinese equivalent; some doubt that even *pure* Buddhism is a religion. Instead, through the ages (if I may be permitted a hyperbolic generalization), the Chinese were characterized by a highly developed *philosophy* combined with a systematized practical wisdom in the upper echelons, and gross superstition among the masses.

Evil Spirits

For Confucianism is largely practical wisdom (of the type one also finds in parts of the Old Testament). Chinese individualism (so absolutely different from, say, Japanese communitarianism) is combined with a matter-of-factness which, from our point of view, is chillingly self-serving. A Chinese man who, driving his car on a country road, saw a child about to run across and realized that in order to spare the child he would have to slam his car into a tree, would choose to run over the child. A drowning man is understood to be grappling with an evil spirit of the water; few Chinese would attempt to save him; their moral reflexes are different from ours.

I will never forget the time I watched a well-dressed man on a Hong Kong beach catch and torture a crab. Protests were simply not understood. Our cultures may be united by technology, but this does not create an intellectual or spiritual bond. My tailor, a Hindu who had moved to Hong Kong, once exclaimed: "I am living among beasts. These Chinese exist without religion!" There is, in fact, a Chinese spirituality, but it is radically different from ours. Chinese morality is based not on Divine Revelation but on something *resembling* what we call natural law. Chinese merchants, who are very shrewd bargainers, are also very honest. They will tell you that this is because only a fool would cheat. Having made a few large swindles, he would eventually be disgraced, and end up in the poorhouse. Honor is a matter of appearances, of keeping or losing face—as it is also (though with a difference) in Japan.

Ruthless Pragmatism

This legacy extends even to the nature of Chinese Communism. Unlike Bolshevism, Maoism is more philosophic than religious. It is not, however, a systematic philosophy like, say, Kantianism; it is a workaday set of beliefs designed to deal with the problems of everyday life. Of course, that does not mean that it is small scale: it can be ruthless *and* all-encompassing. Those who interfere with the Communist experiment are swept aside, unimportant sacrifices to the grand design of the philosophy.

And the pragmatism of traditional Chinese philosophy helped to pave the way for the rise of Communism. There was very little "social" provocation for a Communist movement: the "big landowners," who were massacred after the Kuomintang defeat, were no more prosperous than the Russian *kulaks* or the better-situated peasants in Western Europe; few of them owned more than 15 acres. Instead, the impetus toward Communism was intellectual. The naturalism and instrumentalism of men like John Dewey and Bertrand Russell appealed strongly to Chinese intellectuals (a group that included nearly all the leaders of the Yenan revolution). Chinese Communism was also, to some extent, national socialist. Mao believed China could only progress to world eminence through a highly disciplined national collectivism which would strangle dissonant individualism. But it never acquired the messianic nature of Russian Communism, whose roots were religious and universalist as well as cultural-political, and which has always wanted to "save the world."

All of this ought to be remembered by those who attempt to predict how China will behave in the future. Given its pragmatism, the political and ideological development of China depends very much upon *experience*. The scholars in the Chinese Politburo are flexible *learners*, not committed to their dogma. Here, again, they differ from the Russians. The Russian Communist is committed to his political creed in the same way as the Christian is attached to his spiritual faith. Even Russian dissidents seem compelled to *bear witness* to what they believe. The Chinese citizen considers it stupid to be forthright about his convictions, especially when he may suffer for them later. After the vagaries of the Cultural Revolution, with revisionism denounced, then praised, then denounced again, the Chinese Communist will save his declarations for better times.

Which means that in China *any* evolution is possible, is imaginable. If the Chinese leadership headed by Teng, the most pragmatic of the pragmatists, discovers that a free market economy delivers goods more effectively than collectivist schemes, it may turn to capitalism. We could then hear the phrase "patriotic capitalists" extolled in the *People's Daily*. In fact, a "national capitalism" could transform China into the world's most potent economic force. Having observed the Taiwan miracle—16 million people developing the third-highest standard of living in Asia on an island two-thirds the size of Switzerland—the mind boggles at the thought of what free enterprise could do for the nearly one billion people on the Mainland.

For now, however, we can simply guess at the direction China will take. That gigantic and truly faithless country has baffled us before. □

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Tentative Victories

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

MUCH EVIDENCE of a concerted campaign against "non-public" schools—that is, church-related and independent schools—may be discerned nowadays. The National Labor Relations Board has been endeavoring to compel church schools to engage in collective bargaining with their teachers. The Internal Revenue Service orders these schools to present evidence of having implemented "affirmative action" toward racial integration—or lose their tax exemptions. Moreover, these schools have been directed, for the first time, to pay federal employment taxes.

This harassment by agencies of the Federal Government has been paralleled by the assaults of certain state departments of public instruction upon independent and church-related schools, particularly the Christian schools of an evangelical or fundamentalist character, which have been increasing in number and enrollment.

Yet the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. To the hideous chagrin of those who sit in the seats of the mighty, church-related schools have been winning important cases in both state and federal courts. Mr. William B. Ball, the Harrisburg lawyer who has become the most successful defender at law of church-related schools anywhere in the land, was recently victorious in Kentucky, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania, in a congeries of church-state disputes.

In the Kentucky case, *Hinton* v. *Kentucky State Board of Education* (described some months ago in this space), the public educationists of Kentucky were endeavoring to compel Christian schools to submit to a degree of regulation that would have virtually assimilated them to the public schools, if it did not extirpate them altogether. Represented by the Louisville firm of Amshoff and Amshoff, in collaboration with William Ball, the Christian plaintiffs totally defeated the State of Kentucky.

Judge Henry Meigs, of Franklin Circuit Court, found the Board of Education's actions against Kentucky's Christian schools unconstitutional under both the federal and state constitutions. Specifically, Judge Meigs said, the "accreditation" requirements of the State of Kentucky violated the religious beliefs of the plaintiffs. "Their incontrovertible proof shows—and the demeanor of the witnesses confirms—irreconcilable philosophical differences between their educational concepts, notions of textbook and curriculum content, and teacher qualification," the Judge wrote. "These differences are not fanciful or arbitrary, but very real and substantial, having a foundation in firmly held religious belief. . . . Expert testimony in this case certainly establishes that there is not the slightest connection between teacher certification and enhanced educational quality in State schools, nor is there generally any such requirement in private schools. . . . Plaintiffs, on the other hand, have shown that without benefit of the State's ministrations their educational product is at least equal to if not somewhat better than that of the public schools, in pure secular competence."

It will take Kentucky's State Board a good long while to recover from that judicial and judicious humiliation.

In North Carolina, Mr. Ball and his colleagues have made headway in the similar case of *North Carolina State Board of Education* v. *Columbus Christian Academy*. Here the State of North Carolina too would force "fundamentalist" schools, and indeed all independent schools, to conform slavishly to the public-school pattern. Mr. Ball's people have won the first round here, through a recent decision, but litigation will continue. The North Carolina statute under which the State Board of Education prosecutes and persecutes the Christian schools is itself unconstitutional, Mr. Ball declares: for it is one of those anti-integration devices which several Southern states passed in the 1950s. In the hope of evading racial integration of the schools, such statutes provided for state grants to independent schools under conditions which would have made them merely state (or "public") schools in disguise.

Yet more gratifying, Mr. Ball has beaten the National Labor Relations Board in the diocese of Scranton—having previously trounced the NLRB in the archdiocese of Philadelphia. The NLRB had demanded of the Most Reverend J. Carroll McCormick, Bishop of Scranton, that he hold an election in the diocese's schools to determine whether the Bishop Hoban Education Association (affiliated with the Pennsylvania State Education Association and the National Education Association) should be the exclusive bargaining agent for the diocese's teachers.

JUDGE R. Dixon Herman, of the United States District Court for the Middle District of Pennsylvania, ruled on November 3 against the NLRB and the teachers' union, and granted an injunction against the NLRB. "We have concluded," he declared, "that the entering of a preliminary injunction is not only proper, but necessary to protect the religious freedom of this Plaintiff, the Catholic School, and [the] members of its religious mission; and of no less importance, to carry out the fundamental purposes of the First Amendment, by prohibiting encroachment of the government beyond the wall where entanglement and the burdening of religious liberty begin." Moreover, he found that church schools have the right to appeal directly to federal courts, rather than proceeding in slow, costly, and uncertain fashion through the NLRB's own tribunals.

These decisions of October and November reinforce previous decisions in both federal and state courts. It appears that state departments of public instruction and the NLRB are going to have to leave church-related schools pretty much unmolested. The next barrage against independent schools may come from the Internal Revenue zealots, as yet unchastened by court injunctions. □

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Saving the Declaration

M. J. SOBRAN

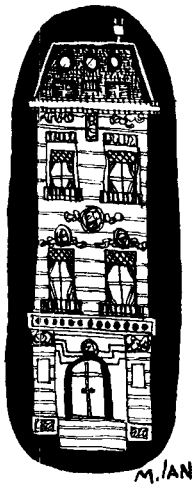
How to Think about the American Revolution: A Bicentennial Cerebration
By Harry V. Jaffa
Carolina Academic, 183 pp., $12.75; paper $5

What is the status of the Declaration of Independence in the American political tradition? More specifically, is the proposition "that all men are created equal" central to that tradition? And if so, in what sense are men "equal"?

In this collection (consisting mostly of three long essays), as in his previous books, Harry Jaffa is concerned to redeem equality, generally a bad word among conservatives, as a central value of the American regime. Far from agreeing (with, e.g., Tocqueville) that it coexists tensely with liberty, Jaffa argues that equality is merely another *aspect* of liberty. He means, of course, equality "rightly understood"—which is to say: as Locke understood it, as Jefferson and Madison understood it, as Lincoln understood it.

How to Think about the American Revolution takes issue with a series of conservative thinkers: in the first essay, Willmoore Kendall (and his collaborator-disciple George Carey); in the second, Irving Kristol and Martin Diamond (successively); and finally, M. E. Bradford. Brief though it is, it covers a remarkable number of disputed questions with a comprehensive trenchancy. The least one can say for his dialectical powers is that the positions he attacks will survive, if at all, only by the grace of profound restatements. At the moment they stand in intellectual ruins. And Jaffa's own statement of the American tradition is integral and luminous.

Kendall argued, in his posthumous *Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition* (which Carey polished for publication), that Lincoln had "derailed" that tradition by reading into it a spurious sense of "equality." In the Gettysburg address he had foisted on the nation a new and quite heretical reading of "all men are created equal," so that subsequent generations of Americans had been seduced into supposing their country's mission to be one of trying, through a series of wrong-headed leveling measures (and led by a series of charismatic and extraconstitutional Chief Executives), to make unequal men equal. In fact Kendall's book was implicitly a reply to Jaffa's earlier work, *Crisis of the House Divided*—a book that Kendall greatly esteemed but thought profoundly mistaken.



Throughout his career Kendall deplored the messianic pretensions, as he thought of them, of what we may for short call the Declaration Tradition, with its universalism and stress on individual rights. Against this he placed the Constitutional Tradition of government by consensus, which tended to mute sharp moral issues and scale down grandiose causes to politically assimilable dimensions. In *Basic Symbols* he sought to "tame" the Declaration itself. He insisted that its "equality" referred only to the corporate right of a people to constitute themselves a polity, with a separate and equal station among the powers of the earth; it had nothing to do with individual rights (Kendall's abomination).

Jaffa replies boldly (to Kristol as well as Kendall) that the American Revolution was genuinely revolutionary, establishing at the outset a historically novel principle of government—exactly as Lincoln said. Liberty had previously been a status, the condition of a freeman, as opposed to that of slave or serf. Locke (now a conservative villain, thanks in large part, ironically, to Jaffa's mentor Leo Strauss) had made a theoretical revolution by arguing that *all* men are by nature "free, equal, and independent," these being what the Scholastics called convertible terms; and that from this natural condition it follows that they must be governed with their own consent. The Declaration appealed to Locke's argument and blamed the King's offenses, particularly against the Colonial legislatures, for rupturing the bond of consent. At the same time, the Declaration established Locke's principles as legitimating—and therefore judging—such new forms of government as Americans might erect. Jaffa makes a strong case that Americans did from

Donald Hall's *latest book is* Remembering Poets. . . . **Eugene J. McCarthy**'s *is* America Revisited: 150 Years after Tocqueville. . . . **Francis B. Randall** *teaches Russian and Communist art and history at Sarah Lawrence College.* . . . **Francis Russell** *is the author of numerous books, including* The Shadow of Blooming Grove. . . . **Dale Vree** *is the Executive Editor of* The New Oxford Review *and an* NR *columnist.*

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the first, contrary to Kendall, regard the signing of the Declaration as the nation's birthday. In this Lincoln was merely (and perfectly) traditional.

But what about slavery? Despite his admiration for the Fathers, Jaffa holds that the founding was endangered from the start by their compromises, in 1776 and 1789, on that all-important test-case of equality. Whereas Kristol takes a benign, practical man's view of the Constitution, Jaffa sees it as embodying high tragedy: its flaws made civil war all but inevitable. Lincoln saw this and tried first to avoid it, later to make the best of it, with genius and mercy, combining a deep sense of the immanence of evil with a sublime trust in the workings of Providence.

The late Martin Diamond, in a pragmatic vein akin to Kristol's, held the Declaration to be neutral as to the specific forms self-government might take. The right of the people to alter or abolish "any" form of government destructive of their rights, Diamond construes as implying a right to *institute* "any" form of government they should happen to prefer. Not so, says Jaffa: the Fathers clearly believed it the duty of the people to erect a government based on consent and calculated, in accordance with natural law, to preserve their equality in freedom. In other words, a republican government.

The Declaration is a republican document, based squarely on Locke's theory. Never mind Leo Strauss's contention that Locke was an intellectual hypocrite who gave his tongue to Hooker and his heart to Hobbes; the Fathers weren't Straussians, and they ingenuously interpreted Locke in an innocent and traditional way. Which brings me to a personally embarrassing point.

In his recent book, *Inventing America*, Garry Wills persuaded many reviewers, including me (*NR*, July 7), that the Declaration can be understood without reference to Locke. He denied, in fact, that there are any distinct echoes of Locke either in the Declaration or in Jefferson's writings generally. But a careful reading of the *Second Treatise* makes it overwhelmingly clear that Wills is wrong. In diction, terms, turns of phrase, structure, and of course destination, the resemblance is so close that it is hard to feel that the Declaration is anything but a sustained *allusion* to Locke.

RANDOM NOTES

■ More December Titles: Kit and Frederica Konolige's title, *The Power of Their Glory: America's Ruling Class: The Episcopalians* (Wyden, $12.95), just about says it, though it doesn't suggest the Puerto Rican nationalist bombers with whom the Episcopal Church has allied itself. But maybe they aren't covered in the text, either. . . . Vivian Gornick, whose previous book was *The Romance of American Communism*, has cut her cloth to fit this year's fashion by publishing *Essays in Feminism* (Harper, $10), a collection of her recent pieces in *The Village Voice*. . . . Andrew Sarris, another *Voice* writer, is bringing out *Politics and Cinema* (Columbia, $12.95), which should harden his image as a revisionist critic.

■ Some January Titles: *Johnny Panic and the Bible of Dreams* (Harper, $10) is a collection of short stories, essays, and journal excerpts by Sylvia Plath. . . . Matthew Bruccoli has put together *The Price Was High: The Last Uncollected Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Harcourt, $19.95) from fifty short stories Fitzgerald wrote for *The Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines. . . . There is also coming a new collection of short stories from Donald Barthelme—*Great Days* (Farrar, $8.95).

John Coyne has a new book ready: *Fall In and Cheer* (Doubleday, $8.95), in which he recounts his peregrinations, political and otherwise, over the past 12 years. (See p. 1604.) . . . David Burner has completed *Herbert Hoover: A Public Life* (Knopf, $15.95), long in the making. It should at least tide historians over until George Nash's multi-volume biography of Hoover is published. . . . *Looking for America: A Writer's Odyssey* (Doubleday, $10.95) is a collection of essays by Richard Rhodes, the novelist. . . . In *The Plains Across: The Overland Emigrants and the Trans-Mississippi West, 1840-60* (Illinois, $20), John D. Unruh Jr. offers a solid and fascinating, but conscientiously unromanticized, account of twenty years of Western history. . . . Jean Chesneaux's chief aim, in *China: The People's Republic, 1949-1976* (Pantheon, $15; paper $4.95), is "merely to present an outline of Chinese developments since 1949."

Its assumptions revolve around Locke's emphasis on the "legislative power" as the locus of a people's liberty. This is why its enumeration of grievances centers on the King's offenses against that power in the Colonies—a series of crimes that "evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism." Terms like "consent," "usurpations," and "dissolution" not only echo Locke but cooperate in a distinctively Lockean way.

As Jaffa points out, the signers deliberately assumed a radical Whig position in considering the King not as a sovereign but as a lawless executive who had violated his republican mandate. "From the point of view of the Declaration," says Jaffa, "British monarchy [itself] was republicanism under the *forms* of monarchy." (My emphasis.) This also explains the cuts in Jefferson's draft on which Wills's interpretation puts so much weight. That draft argued, whiggishly, that the American settlers built this country themselves (in Lockean terms, had mixed their labor with its natural abundance) "at the expense of our own blood and treasure, unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain," and had accordingly assumed the right of governing themselves. True, they had agreed to share an executive officer—"a common king" (who was no more than a "chief magistrate")—with the English people, as "a foundation for perpetual league and amity with them." But "submission to their parliament" wasn't in the contract. The King's "usurpations" were altogether recent, a violation of the original terms of British-American unity. Moreover, the English people, as the sovereign power in republican theory, were ultimately responsible for the King's acts, had failed to restrain him, and had re-elected representatives who supported him; hence they were a party to his tyrannous designs, and bore the final responsibility for the attempt to satellize the Colonies. Therefore it had become "necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which [had] connected them with another." Wills is right to stress the break between two *peoples*, but wrong to think this was somehow un-Lockean.

I think the deletions themselves are easily explained. The Colonies hoped to enlist English public opinion. They already had strong Whig support. The Declaration, as edited, put most of the blame on the King. The deleted portions, by blaming the English people in

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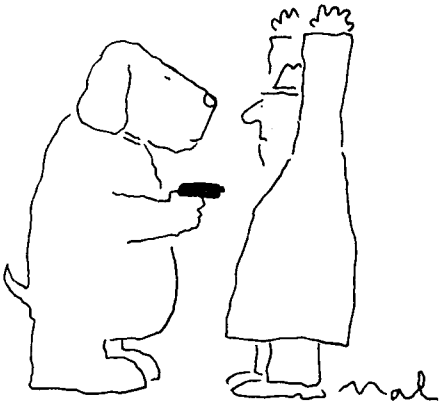
bitter terms, might have estranged the Whigs. Jefferson's version was actually more thoroughly Lockean, but the final official version was more tactful. The editors too knew what they were doing.

Perhaps Locke's real motive was to legitimize unbounded acquisition. But he can be understood perfectly well as the eighteenth century and Jefferson understood him: not as the prophet of dog-eat-dog individualism, but as the prophet of civility—a special mode of community, a conditional universalism that specifies and delimits the civil power. Jefferson, in my judgment, regarded Locke as the Euclid of political theory; the Virginia statute for religious freedom (which Wills hardly mentions) closely resembles the first Letter of Toleration (which Wills nowhere mentions). Many of Locke's modern detractors are themselves still resisting the transition from compact to differentiated societies in which Locke's theory *in toto* played such a vital role. Jefferson was in the vanguard of this change, and his rhetoric is more militantly individualistic than Locke's.

And this, surely, *is* the American tradition: individualism, freedom, and, yes, equality. That these ideas are constantly misapplied does not affect their truth. Nor should we be bemused by false dilemmas—individualism *or* communitarianism—as if we had to choose between Lenin and Tarzan. The individual we believe in is the *civil* individual, of whom Lincoln is our most splendid example. The point is simple, but not easy to grasp. Like John Courtney Murray's *We Hold These Truths*, Jaffa's book brilliantly tears away conceptual distractions, and reveals our own first principles to us. The words of a wise teacher come to us less as news than as profound reminders. □



Democracy and the Ethical Life: A Philosophy of Politics and Community
By Claes G. Ryn
Louisiana State University Press, 208 pp., $10.95

HOUR OF POWER

DALE VREE

One approaches with sympathy this book by a young conservative political theorist at the Catholic University of America. Claes G. Ryn, a refugee from Sweden, tells us that he came to America because it became clear to him that "my rejection of positivism and moral relativism, which [have] a monopoly in Swedish academic circles, would seriously impair, not to say preclude, a career of scholarship in my own country."

But the sympathy dissipates in the face of gems like these: "But what does it mean to try to act morally? It means not to go ahead before having asked the question, 'Is this plan moral?'" How true! And: "The moral man is striving to be moral." Indubitably! And: "The nature of ethical conscience is revealed only very imperfectly and ambiguously to the person who is morally confused." Well, of course! I could go on, but I won't. Are these profundities or banalities? Given the solemnity with which these insights are propounded, one could be mesmerized into thinking them profound. But the alert reader will quickly realize that these truths are so true as to be virtually tautologous. And such truths are usually trivial to the point of boredom.

The burden of Ryn's argument is that morality is fundamentally the ability to check one's lower impulses and that, therefore, in politics, morality requires a constitutional system of checks and balances that restrains the impulses of the lower classes, the non-elites. The purpose of such restraint is to orient the polity "to some higher moral standard." Ryn alludes to his being a Christian but states that to discuss this higher moral standard in Christian terms would "probably unnecessarily complicate acceptance of my analysis." Therefore he takes refuge in "the classical tradition in ethics started by Plato and Aristotle and the closely related Judaeo-Christian tradition." At another point, Ryn indicates his willingness to throw the Buddhists into this amalgam. But since Platonism, Aristotelianism, Judaism, Christianity, and Buddhism do not offer identical ethical outlooks, it is incumbent on Ryn to indicate what it is in these world views he wishes to include in his "higher moral standard." But this he steadfastly refuses to do. Therefore this book never gets off the ground, for the reader is never told what ends constitutional restraint ought to serve.

One is left with the impression that any religiously inspired moral standard will do and that Ryn is content to urge that we simply have "faith in faith"—a mentality Will Herberg neatly dismembered twenty years ago in *Protestant-Catholic-Jew*. Just as that segment of American religion epitomized in the 1950s by Norman Vincent Peale and in the '70s by Robert Schuller casts a halo around the American social system and its success ethic, so Ryn would seem to be appropriating religion in general to buttress American constitutionalism.

RYN PRAISES the virtues of constitutional-*cum*-representative democracy by contrasting it to "plebiscitary democracy." He distrusts public opinion and popular participation in decision-making. Thus, he understandably praises restraining and deliberative institutions such as the Supreme Court. But since Ryn disdains to cite actual instances where public opinion has been malevolent, the discussion lacks any connection with political realities. When one thinks of some of the major issues of the last 15 years—busing, abortion, reverse discrimination, pornography, treatment of criminals, prayer in public schools—one begins to sense that public opinion may be a reservoir of enormous wisdom, and that our deliberative elites—led by the elite most immune to public opinion, the Supreme Court—are too often in the vanguard of foolishness. One may sense this—as William F. Buckley Jr. probably did when he said he'd rather be governed by the first two thousand names in the Boston phone book than by the Harvard faculty—without being a disciple of Rousseau. It is puzzling that the conservative Ryn never even bothers to consider the conservative majoritarian-

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ism of Willmoore Kendall, who long ago perceived that the common people carry a certain traditional wisdom "in their hips." It is equally puzzling that Ryn blithely praises American elites without so much as acknowledging the existence of such creative populistic conservatives as Jeffrey Hart, Kevin Phillips, and William A. Rusher.

Ryn writes as if the last 15 years never happened (which is not necessarily excusable in a political theorist, for, as no less than Eric Voegelin once told me, "We theorists begin with practical problems"). If Ryn had paid more attention to the events around him he might have realized that the American people are already restrained on behalf of "some higher moral standard," namely the Zeitgeist of modernity which has been gathering force since the Enlightenment. That Zeitgeist —consisting of about one part secular messianism and one part hedonism— now has a solid grip on our deliberative elites, thereby making Ryn's commendation of "checks and balances" about as pertinent to our current distress as a 1950s civics textbook. □

Fall In and Cheer
By John R. Coyne Jr.
Doubleday, 184 pp., $8.95

FALL-OUT

EUGENE J. McCARTHY

In 1971 William L. O'Neill published a book described as an "informal history of America in the Sixties." The book was titled *Coming Apart*. It was an historical report on the things that surprised, shocked, and divided the country, and brought some Americans close to despair during those turbulent years of racial strife, political controversy, assassination, and war.

At the center of most of the controversies of that decade were the young Americans, especially those who were in colleges and universities. Willingly or otherwise, they carried the principal burden of facing the issue of racial discrimination and desegregation. They too were most personally and immediately affected by the war. They were called upon to fight it, or, rejecting it, to avoid fighting it and to try to end it. Special deferments granted to college and university students, the ease of escaping the draft, did not free students from personal and moral responsibility for the war.

The young people of America in those difficult years assumed, or had forced upon them, great demands for intellectual, moral, and physical courage. In those hard years, many were called upon to show heroic virtue, a call which society should not make upon its youth. *Fall In and Cheer* was written by John Coyne, one who experienced the testing of the Sixties. Set against the book by O'Neill, this one might well have been titled *Putting It Back Together*.

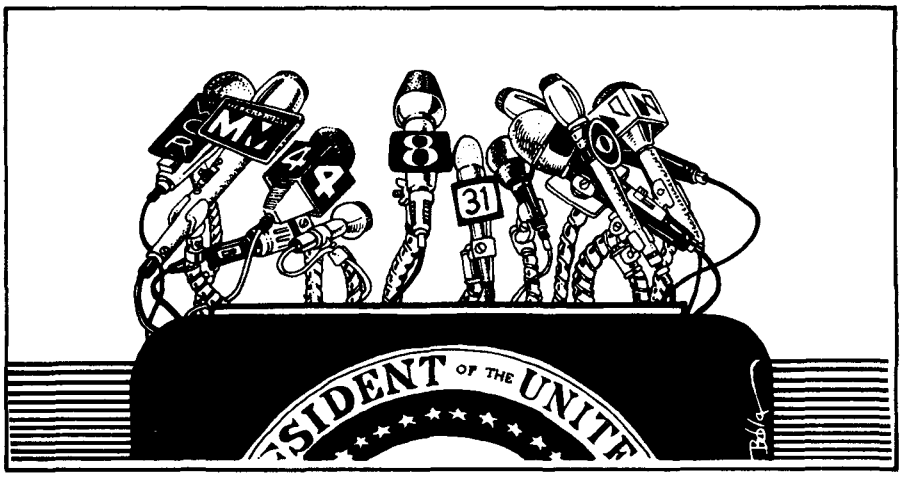
John Coyne was a part of the history of the Sixties, a direct witness of the protest, the trashing, the violence— physical, intellectual, and moral—concentrated in Berkeley, California.

COYNE'S chosen way of "putting it back together" was politics; more particularly, Republican politics; most specifically, conservative Republican politics. He became a part of the Nixon Administration—a speechwriter for the President, for Vice President Spiro Agnew, and later for President Gerald Ford. Of the three, he became most attached to Spiro Agnew, both personally and politically. Coyne's account of the actions leading to the resignation of the Vice President under White House pressure and his analysis of the character and background of Spiro Agnew may seem irrelevant to some, since Agnew is no longer a public force. Yet his analysis is, in fact, of historical interest and significance, not only for its bearing on speculation as to "what might have been" (or "who might have been") but also because it fills in part of the record on the Nixon Administration that was largely overlooked by the press and other short-range historians.

The book carries beyond Agnew, through the subsequent decline and fall of the Nixon and Ford Presidencies, and into the beginning of the Carter Administration. In these post-Agnew chapters, Coyne is not merely running out his book. When he notes with approval and some satisfaction that the country, or at least the politicians, are accepting conservative views many of which were first, or most clearly, enunciated by Spiro Agnew, he acknowledges that, for him and for others who had gathered around Agnew in the good days, the best they can do now is to enjoy the conservative renaissance at a distance.

This new conservatism, he writes, is "the property and concern of a new generation, and those of us who threw in our lot with Agnew have nothing to do with it—it is not ours and we forfeited our claim to it on that October day in Baltimore when Spiro Agnew (pleading *nolo contendere* to the charges made against him) revealed to us all that he was someone else."

John Coyne gives us in this book, in addition to the historical report on our times, sensitive and penetrating reflections and insights on the moral and intellectual problems which must be faced by those who are close to the persons who hold political power, or who are expected to come into power. He writes in good style and good spirit, and ends on a beat (or rather, since Coyne is a conservative, a note) of passive optimism. For young persons who would learn about politics, this is a better book for their reading than the works of H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, or John Dean. □



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SWELL LETTERS

Mortal Friends
By James Carroll
Little, Brown, 607 pp., $10.95

WANTED: IRISH EDITOR

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Has it really been 22 years since Edwin O'Connor's *Last Hurrah*, that picaresque novel of Boston Irish political intrigue? Everyone recognized O'Connor's fictional Skeffington as the actual and irrepressible James Michael Curley. After *The Last Hurrah* added a phrase to the American vocabulary, it was possible in Boston to look at Curley with a certain amount of amused detachment instead of the old Yankee hatred. Also, the book was very funny.

A comparison between *The Last Hurrah* and James Carroll's *Mortal Friends* is, I suppose, inevitable. Carroll on the indomitable Boston Irishry is heavier, in some instances less plausible, and lacking O'Connor's engagingly impish touch. He has nevertheless set down the Boston political world and underworld with extended research and grim determination. Irish-American he is. Yet from the evidence of his book I should say that Boston is not his birthright. His guide-book knowledge of the city impresses me as being acquired rather than inherited. Unlike O'Connor, he uses actual names for actual persons among his fictional characters. Curley is Curley, the late Cardinal Cushing is his chthonic bibulous self, Joe Kennedy is Joe Kennedy, Jack and Bobby Kennedy are themselves or slightly more than themselves, Governors Hurley and Fuller are there, as, overseas, are de Valera and Michael Collins.

Basically Carroll's novel is an updating of the old myth of the rise of an immigrant in the New World. His Colman Brady—incidentally, an impossible Christian name for a Catholic Irishman—is a lieutenant of Michael Collins' who comes to Boston in the Twenties in defiant renunciation of Ireland after his farm has been burned and his wife murdered by the anti-Treaty Sinn Feiners. Through association with the perennial Mayor Curley, Brady finally becomes a governor's councilor, and is betrayed by Curley in the matter of approving the pardon of a convicted Mafia chief. Carroll has based this fictionalized episode on the career of one of the most bizarre of Boston's pols, Dan Coakley the blackmailer, aptly labeled the Knave of Boston, who in 1941 was impeached as councilor for maneuvering a pardon from Governor Hurley for the New England Mafia chief Raymond Patriarca. Both Coakley and Patriarca are more incandescent characters than Carroll's Colman Brady and his Mafia leader, Gennaro Anselmo.

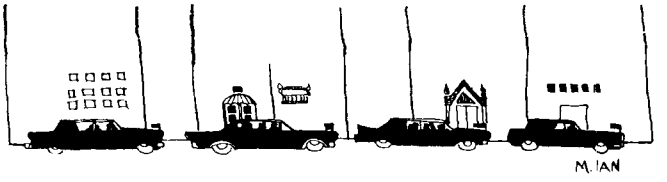
If one uses actual persons and events in fiction, one has at least the obligation to be right about them. I cannot imagine the real Curley leading an invading election mob on Louisburg Square as does Carroll's Curley, although I do remember Curley there at one Christmas Eve open house talking with Harvard's Professor Hillyer. Curley, incidentally, was not a Southie, a South Boston boy, but was born and had his political roots in the South End. His famous house with the shamrock shutters on Jamaicaway was not "a white false-modesty on the Pond" but a most immodest expanse of brick veneer.

Among the events Carroll fantasizes about is the Sacco-Vanzetti case. That is his privilege, but his account of the police charging the State House pickets is what we used to call in school "condition contrary to fact." Those State House pickets were periodically arrested and taken to the Joy Street police station, where they had scarcely time to sing "Solidarity Forever" before they were bailed out by a clutch of wealthy Boston dowagers. It was like a minuet. Police and pickets became almost friendly on their successive walks to the station, as Katherine Anne Porter pointed out in her belated book. Only at the end of the funeral procession near Forest Hills did the exasperated police go out of control.

James Carroll has gone over the ground in Ireland and taken copious notes, but the speech escapes him. His Cork countryfolk speak a far too standard English, embellished with a few trick phrases. He needed an Irish editor. He also needed to be set straight on British military usage. A "baton" is what a field marshal carries. Other officers carry sticks. There is no such thing as an Irish Guard. There are guardsmen and the Irish Guards. The command is "double—march" or "double quick—march," not "double time." An other-ranks in a Sam Browne belt has never yet been seen. Admittedly these are trivia that a good copy editor should have spotted.

The high point of *Mortal Friends* is the relationship between Brady and Anselmo, which is, in spite of certain Grand Guignol touches, as tense and exciting as a good detective story. Plausible enough is the upright Brady's gradual corruption until he becomes a funnel for illicit gangster millions, a downward path for him that leads to multiple murders and finally the death of his son. Carroll has gone afoot, in Ireland, in Massachusetts, above all in Boston. He has observed with great accuracy the landscape, the weather, the buildings, the streets. Yet I find lacking somehow the illusion of reality. It is easier to believe in Skeffington than in Carroll's Curley. Brady and Anselmo do not ring true as the brazen Coakley and the gangster Patriarca. Engaging fictions, the characters fade as one puts the book aside.

WHEN O'Connor wrote, the language barriers were still reasonably intact, at least on a popular level. Since then they have fallen everywhere except at *The New Yorker*, the *Times*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Even the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* in its latest edition includes the monosyllabic earth-words that the eighteenth century used to print without vowels and the nineteenth century pretended did not exist. Carroll uses two of the dozen or so earth-words until I feel as if I had been hit over the head by the pantomime clown with the sausage. *Je m'en fou!* Boston pols undoubtedly talk that way, their speech reputedly being limited to 732 words. There is more actuality, though, in O'Connor's antiseptic vocabulary, more of the inventive quality of the Celt. James Carroll has tried hard, but O'Connor is sprightlier, more dura-



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ble. *Mortal Friends* is at the moment a phenomenon, a book-club selection, on the best-seller list, sold for $600,000 as a paperback, a prospective film, enough to make most authors immune to criticism. As Madame Mère remarked, "*Pourvou que ça doura.*" □

The Execution of Mayor Yin and Other Stories from the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution
By Chen Jo-hsi
Indiana University Press, 220 pp., $8.95

AUTUMN LEAVES

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

The first book available in English of dissenting literature from Communist China! Eight stories by a Chinese woman, a respected author in Taiwan, who went to the Mainland with Maoist enthusiasm in 1966, just in time for the earthquake called the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and who managed to escape, heartbroken, in 1973.

An odious adolescent Red Guard leader hectors a country town into executing his uncle, the major, a loyal Communist and a decent old man. Parents are scared stiff at what might happen if people ever found out that their four-year-old was taunted into shouting "Chairman Mao is a rotten egg!" Two beaten-down intellectuals struggle through a wretched life of hackwork and menial labor on a dismal collective farm. An apartment house full of people turns itself upside down trying to trap the only sexy woman for miles around with one of her lovers. A tyrannical leftist young woman is herself brainwashed so harshly, after the line shifts, that she drowns herself in a cesspool. An intellectual returned from America can't marry his proletarian true love because he is suspect, and then isn't allowed to marry a nice widow because *her* family is suspect: he can console himself only with Mutton Fire Pot, a finer dish than Peking Duck. When American newsmen with the Nixon party rush through Nanking, poor people in a suburb are pressured into taking down their unsightly drying racks, lest the newsmen see them and discredit China. Meanwhile an old man buys a fine fish for his sick wife, but it is taken from him and put back on the counter so that the newsmen may see how much food is available in China.

First question: Was China really like that during Mao's last revolution? I judge that it was, which won't prove anything to a skeptic (or a true believer), but, to complete the circle, we shall all use the book henceforth as evidence that Communist China *was* that way.

Second question: Granting that Communist China has been rather dreadful, are these horror stories all there is to Mme. Chen's writing? No. Two striking themes emerge: 1) Unlike Russia and Nazi Germany, it is not the totalitarian state and police terror that make life so frightful. It is volunteer Red Guards who bully the people into executing a good man. It is the infinite network of house committees, neighborhood patrols, May 7 schools, etc. that persecutes drying racks, prohibits marriages, lies in wait for fornicators, and hounds girls to suicide. The people themselves have been mobilized into an all-pressuring totalitarian society. Western analysts attribute this political campaign or that to Lin Piao or some other top politico, but the people in these stories have no sense of that; they simply roll in the wave of millions of other people.

2) Yet in these stories the Chinese people are good, and feel, in some vague sense, that they are good Communists. The first-person characters, men and women alike, and their friends are a kind of Greek chorus who will no harm and sympathize with all unfortunates, but who can't help being mobilized into endless totalitarian campaigns and persecutions, without daring to speak out in public, or to speak clearly even to their best friends and spouses. Mayor Yin and others are called "good Communists": meaning, apparently, revolutionary fighters and unassuming builders of a good Communist society that somehow went horribly wrong in the Cultural Revolution. Mao himself is silently appealed to, like a deity in time of plague, as one who should be seeing and stopping all this, but who withholds his hand and breaks all good men's hearts. This is not, in fact, an anti-Communist book, but an anti-Cultural Revolution book from an earlier, idealized Maoist point of view.

Third question: Granting that content is more important in fiction than form (as Communists insist and as we too grant in books about Communism), does Mme. Chen write well? Yes—I think. I can't judge the Chinese original, but clearly the stories are deftly in the soft-sell, indirect, blurred-suggestion, helpless-and-hopeless, autumn-leaf tradition that is so major and celebrated an element in Chinese literature (and Japanese and French, etc.). The mode is familiar and easy to ridicule, but abidingly noble and moving when practiced well:

> We both fell silent. Another burst of wind. Dusk was falling earlier than usual.
> "How is Lao Yin?" I asked.
> "He's dead."
> Hsiao Wu's cousin said he had to attend a meeting, and he hurried off. I didn't ask how Lao Yin had died, for I was reminded of the quotation from Mao Tse-tung that was part of our daily reading: "People die all the time." □

FILM

HEAVENLY DAZE!

JOHN SIMON

To no movie have I been more favorably predisposed than to *Days of Heaven*. I rate Terrence Malick's previous film (his first), *Badlands*, above all other American pictures of the last few years, and so I awaited the philosophy-instructor-turned-filmmaker's new work —which met with various delays and had a hard, slow coming—with uncommon eagerness. The first few minutes of *Days of Heaven*, sure enough, promised to fulfill all expectations. The titles, against a background of period stills (1916 or thereabouts), provided a highly evocative sequence, even if the device is becoming overused; by the time we leave the Chicago steel mill where the hero, Bill, has killed a tyrannical foreman in a fight, we have witnessed images of explosive beauty and a dramatic event staged with stark economy.

When Bill, his teenaged sister, Linda, and his girl, Abby, set off by train for

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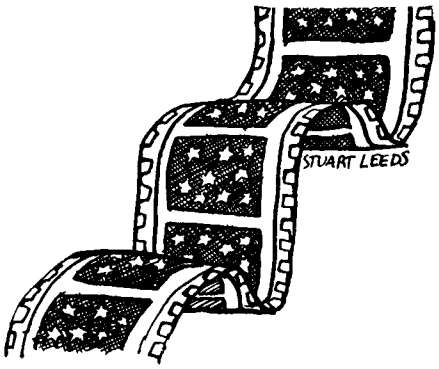
the Texas Panhandle, we get a shot of such overwhelming magnificence as one rarely encounters on screen. It is a long shot in silhouette of a train crossing a bridge, but the way the entire span of the train precisely fills out the wide-screen frame, the manner in which these archaic-looking railroad cars and engine blackly detach themselves from the cerulean background, the curious interplay of spidery train and bridge shapes, and something else that I cannot explain—perhaps the presence of some *deus ignotus*—add up to a breathtaking vision of technology in the ascendant.

But already there is trouble, too. Linda's voice-over narration, which will be with us through most of this otherwise austerely taciturn film, is delivered in a present-day New York street-kid voice and vocabulary. The performer—Linda Manz, a tough, scarred, streetwise urchin who was discovered in Central Park rather than at Central Casting, and seems to have made up much of her narration by herself—simply doesn't sound right for the period and place. She tells us that Bill and Abby will pass themselves off as brother and sister so that the migrant farmhands whom they are about to join won't molest Abby. Here begins a strained parallel to the Book of Genesis, where Abraham and Sarah in Egypt, expecting the beautiful Sarah to catch Pharaoh's eye, pass themselves off as brother and sister on the assumption that a brother will be spared where a husband might not be. And Sarah does become Pharaoh's concubine, just as Abby ends up marrying the rich, supposedly dying young farmer on whose land she, Bill, and Linda are working. Bill himself urges her to wed (the man will soon die, after all), so that our trio's toil may turn to dalliance in the wealthy man's eerie Victorian house that juts out of the wheatlands as if Edward Hopper had tossed it there.

Yet what makes sense in the penumbra of legend does not hold up in 1916, even if you refer to those last agrarian times as days of heaven. The field workers would quickly notice what goes on between Bill and Abby (in the film, only one of them does, and is promptly silenced by Bill's fists), and would take as unkindly to being lied to as they would to incest. What, in any case, is



the point of the Scriptural parallels? Malick's film never makes it clear, thus leaving an unpleasant aftertaste in the mind. And how could such vast domains and so large a house be run solely by the solitary Farmer (no name given, presumably for allegorical purposes) and his foreman, without help from kinfolk, servants, or anyone else except the migrant field hands? Given such arbitrariness, one need hardly quibble with a love scene in a patch of June snow such as you might get in Canada, where the film was shot, but not in the Panhandle, where it is set.

Strange things keep happening. At the Farmer and Abby's wedding, we see an inscription in an outlandish alphabet, left totally unexplained. Later, a tiny, fly-by-night flying circus drops out of the sky, its three scruffy performers possessed of two fancy aircraft, one of them a Fokker triplane. Though the Farmer has been given only a year to live, next year's harvest finds him seemingly in the pink. Such things could, of course, be made a bit more credible with some effort, but Malick, in both his script and his direction, exults in leaving them as enigmatic as possible.

Linda Manz, though suitably hard-boiled, does not, as I mentioned, sound right. As Bill, Richard Gere is out of place in his fancy 1970s haircut, trim clothes, actorish speech, and less than earthy performance. The sultrily nonchalant Brooke Adams (Abby), with her oblong, downward-curving mouth and pointy chin, who sometimes verges on plainness only to bounce back into fierce beauty, is very much more believable; the playwright Sam Shepard is perfect as the Farmer, all dolefully suspicious eyes, properly slicked-down hair, and bumblingly irregular teeth. Robert Wilke (the foreman), his implacably azure-eyed face craggier and more crevassed than the aging W. H. Auden's, is the very image of avenging angelhood. When Bill commits his second homicide and the chase is on, the film finally becomes more involving, but also, regrettably, too close for comfort to *Badlands*. And the closing sequences lapse into contrivance and utter inscrutability.

Nevertheless, the visual splendor remains throughout, as does Malick's gift for eliciting poetic as well as Gothic *frissons*. A plague of locusts and, on its heels, an all-destroying fire (Biblical echoes again!) are staged and shot with a marvelously consubstantial sense of aesthetics and drama. Here Malick's downright notorious perfectionism reaps (to use an appropriately agrarian, perhaps even pre-Biblical, metaphor) a harvest of stunned admiration. Yet at times aestheticism preponderates: are there not too many shots of prelapsarianly innocent herds of buffalo and antelopes, and even time-exposures of seeds sprouting into plants, more suited to nature documentaries? And what about a quite gratuitous shot of a dropped champagne goblet coming to rest gracefully on a river bottom?

STILL, Malick had the excellent sense to hire Nestor Almendros, the remarkable Cuban-born cinematographer (from whom Malick exacted work even more gorgeous than he supplies his European directors); and, when prior commitments forced Almendros to leave, to bring in one of America's greatest cameramen, Haskell Wexler, to provide seamlessly matched additional camera work. Furthermore, Malick obtained the services of Ennio Morricone for a score that, though perhaps not among the celebrated Italian's very best, still soars above the Hollywood norm. One looks and listens with rapt wonderment; every prospect, every permutation of the simple, basic melody, pleases, and only man is vile.

Yes, the people and their story remain inchoate and sordid, as the depressing tale and characters of *Badlands* never were. That film was about alienation, too, but alienation situated in a culture whose aridity was strikingly suggested, and relieved by a grim but undeniable sense of humor. Here the humor appears only once or twice, and many of the bizarre goings-on seem as gratuitous as the pretty but empty scene in which the main characters

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watch President Wilson's private train rattle past them: a haunting nocturnal vision but totally uncontributive to any larger structure. After two such films, I begin to worry that alienation is, for this highly talented filmmaker, not so much subject as symptom. □

OBSESSIONS

THE MAIL ANIMAL

DONALD HALL

12/Oct.

Fourteen letters, two postcards, three rejections, one magazine, two fliers, and seven Christmas catalogues.

Mort late again. I think he talks to other people. . . .

16/Oct.

Sunday again. Remembering with nostalgia boyhood Christmases, delivery on Sunday. Query: Still Sunday delivery Ecuador?

Thought of RF with three different post office boxes in city, so he can pick up mail six times a day.

Spent day in melancholy, spleen. . . .

19/Oct.

Mort 13 minutes later than yesterday. Remembering REB's strategy, putting occasional package of cookies, doughnuts in mailbox. Query: Heineken's? REB claimed to know writer in Arizona who once left in mailbox plate of *tête de veau vinaigrette*, with chilled half-bottle of Meursault Genevrières.

20/Oct.

Walked by post box an hour and seven minutes waiting for Mort, controlling temper, feeling that if I expressed myself over his incompetence, fecklessness, imbecility, sloth, etc., he would take revenge, arriving later each day, maybe revising route so that I became his last stop, *possibly* even "misplacing" letters. Smiled sweetly when he came. Unable to suppress small rumbling at rear of throat.

Fifteen items.

21/Oct.

REB dropped by at noon, just before mail. Watched him carefully as I carried bundle through room. Slight foam at edges of mouth. Tossed him L. L. Bean catalogue. Twenty-four items today, not counting junk. REB *livid.*

Went down to p.o. to catch four o'clock mail. Sucked up to Carlene at window. Said to REB on leaving house with 22 envelopes, "I'm going to mail the *shit* out of these!" . . .

24/Oct.

Walked past mail box two hundred times, 38 yards' pacing each time, mail-walk today exceeding four miles. Just as rage seemed about to overpower me —thought for the *n*th time of backing Datsun into mailbox to rid myself of curse—realized that today was federal version of Veteran's Day. . . .

Fled into house, weeping, aghast for the millionth time at my folly. Drank heavily until bedtime. . . .

27/Oct.

RF arrives for weekend tomorrow. Will be petulant about mail as usual.

How his tantrums amuse me.

No sleep last night. Spent weary hours recalling LS's fantasy of 7th Class Mail, Manuscripts Only, thirty cents a chapter, delivered on Mondays.

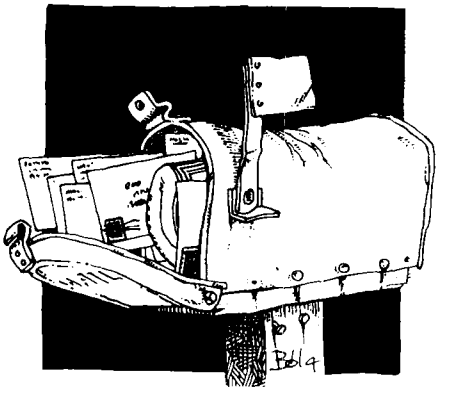
Good notion. Monday always poor day.

28/Oct.

Twelve rejections today. New record. Forty-seven letters, postcards, bills, catalogues. . . .

7/Nov.

REB's letter most amusing: tells about mail arriving at precisely 9:01 every morning. Braggart! I remember when he took civil service exam, determined to make his living in connection with obsession. Flunked, choked.



Worked over weekend. Mailed 104 items today. . . .

10/Nov.

Mort 12 minutes late. Gave him the smile. Twenty-two items. Read through quickly (four rejections, two with come-again; one tentative "hold").

Fell into deep sleep.

12/Nov.

Mort early today, Saturday. Fourteen items. No catalogues.

Worked up rage, recalling Post Dept. threats no Saturday delivery! . . .

17/Nov.

LS arrived for weekend, developing case of writer's moustache. Mailed 32 postcards written on bus. Insisted on opening one-half my mail. Refused to grant reciprocal rights on my visit.

LS recounted new fantasy—23rd Class Mail, Poetry Manuscripts Only, two hundred lines for a nickel, double space. Delivered July only.

Smiled.

In two weeks I visit LS. Have thought up scheme to frustrate and annoy. Will write self many letters in various hands, address care of LS. Will send *New Yorker* stories two weeks earlier, timed for rejection, SASE to me c/o LS!

Twenty items. Four rejects, one hold, one acceptance. . . .

21/Nov.

Mort late again. Went out to box and met him. Surprised to discover growling deep in throat. Mort looked put off. Frightened? Might improve matters.

22/Nov.

Did *not* improve matters. Twenty-two items but Mort forty minutes late. Explained needed oil change. Didn't respond to explanation. Heard growl again. Must attempt control.

RF writes, 37-item day. Wrote back, countered with 119 items, week of iv April! We'll see. . . .

26/Nov.

Off to LS tomorrow. No mail for two days since started forwarding it care of LS. Mort puzzled but agreeable.

1/Dec.

Back home, thank God. Disaster at LS's. LS recently courted local post-

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mistress for *express* purpose of frustrating me, having anticipated moves. *No mail* for me, three days at LS's!—though had mailed at least forty pieces!

Returned here to find mail table piled high, all stamped with ridiculous P.O. stamps, pointing fingers, etc.

Depressed. Seven rejections, 24 items. REB p.c.: sold 12 poems to 12 different mags, same day. After Mort left I barked seven times.

2/Dec.

Mail late again. Growling noticeable. Mort nervous. Fourteen items. Four rejections, one near miss.

3/Dec.

Ex profundis. Waiting for County Health Officer.

Mort *one hour and fifty minutes* late. Sniffed around the box for a while, waiting. Overpowering urge to urinate. Decided to wait inside, nap with one eye open, until Mort gone.

Registered letter, however, brought Mort to the door. LS again, reporting sale to *New Yorker*, plus 102 items of mail in one day.

Disaster. Do not know what happened. Saw red, bit Mort in ankle, breaking skin. Being tested for rabies.

Nine letters, two p.c.'s. □

The GIMLET EYE

A PARABLE

D. KEITH MANO

Around 1967—when racial unrest was at its insomniac, toss-and-turn worst—I overheard this swatch of meaningful diatribe:

Black: You're a bigot.

White: That's not true. I empathize with your plight.

Black: Never mind empathizing, man. What've you done, I mean *done*, t'help your black brothers? Name me one thing.

White: Well . . . Well . . . Well, I go to basketball games now and then.

In that crass sentence the socio-economic history of half a continent is told. Throughout western Africa, most commonly along riverine marshland, there once grew supple netter trees. These provided an important and niacin-rich protein staple: netfruit, six or seven per tree, hung down, circular, in thick cross-hatch strands some 15 feet above the oozy forest floor. Cut up, a netfruit was —you could say—man's first linguine. Yet netter trees did not harvest well. The thin trunk wouldn't support shinnying men: a hurled stone might crush tender early fruitbuds. So it was that the soft chicle gourd, of no nutritional (but much projectile) value, came to be cherished. Hitch, though: thrown chicle gourds would quite often drop right through the netfruit, dislodging just air and an occasional surly python. Also, they were hard to find. The first appearance of "gourd" in our language enforces this interpretation (I cite my *Oxford English Dictionary*). Sir Stanton Evan, explorer (*Up the Old Limpopo with a Sharp Stick*, 1769), wrote, "One netfruit harvester, whose throwing instrument had become oblongated in the course of several unlucky heaves, ran amok through our encampment, shouting, '*Lahme addahdo! Lahme addahdo!*' This I translate roughly as, 'I'm out of my gourd! I'm out of my gourd!' "

In time of famine, an entire African village—men, women, rabid housepets —would defend their netfruit with what was termed "the full tribal press." Object: steal or rebound hostile gourds before too many precious netfruit were struck down. Then all would race seven, eight miles toward the antagonizing village in a "break-fast." (Later garbled by Babu English guides to "fast-break," thus losing the essential connotation of hunger.) There they, in turn, would pelt rival netfruit groves. And back again. This, you can imagine, was foot-fagging; it tended to burn up more caloric octane than *al dente* netstring with mealie sauce could replenish. Wiser heads would prevail at last: a monthly ritual combat got booked. Village shamans, in mystic zebra skin, kept score: they were sensitive to six-letter profanity like "Umkaka on you," and "Your mother sucks rotten mashto," and they often went with the home grove crowd to save their hides. Since everyone was pretty much famished out, a 24-beat drum was set up. Dribbling became mandatory c. 1600. It speeded up the attack: no one could afford to over-oblongate his chicle gourd—especially after the 1731 blight when one gourd in three was riddled with spider eggs.

An aeon whiled away its slow time. By Darwinian choosiness, taller, faster blacks began to flourish. They got more netfruit: they withstood tsetse fly, schistosomiasis, and dengue. Regularly some short tribe would recruit a seven-foot warrior ("sentah" in Bantu jive) to stand near the "high post" (or village totem) and screen out small, fast gourds. These sentahs were given nubile goni, at least one vicuna loincloth, and huts with mirrored straw thatch. Refinement was inevitable. Certain men became adept at "moving without the gourd." This usually meant that they had learned to distract a sentah by spooking his kraal or stealing his wife. And then other foolhardy netfruiters could penetrate your best 1-3-15 zone for a single, swift back-trunk bankshot. This was self-mayhem, more or less, since each trunk was close-guarded by men with ten-pound banyan clubs. Such a shot came to be known as "umwhambo" or "lay-up" because the umwhamboist was most often laid up for many moons after.

Then, in the late seventeenth/early eighteenth century, slave wholesalers came. A netfruit sentah was prime. Packed spoon-style, they left Africa and their mirrory huts. The culture-snap was terrific. In Georgia there were no netter trees. No chicle gourd shrubs. A watermelon doesn't dribble true: or more than once. Some men hid netter fruit seedlings on their persons: roots desiccated, though, and were lost until 1975, when Alex Haley found two or three at MISS MARYBELLE'S FRESH FRUIT STAND on Route 114 outside Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Night-long that mournful chant could be heard through the grim slave quarters—a hymn to sport re-orchestrated by overzealous Christian clergymen:

"Swing lo-ho sweet ne-het fruit,
Comin' foh t'whock you down."

Like the seamed stocking, an entire civilization had been lost.

Flash ahead: 1891. Dr. Naismith has just nailed his famous peach basket to the gymnasium wall. Naismith's assistant is a black gardener and ex-slave, one Luther Holtzman. "Here," says Naismith, handing Luther the famous soccer ball. "Try it." And—zap, zap, zap—three shots in succession, Luther will whock that basket clean off the wall.

"No, you colored ninny," yells Naismith, famous hammer and stepstool under his arm for a fourth time. "Through the basket. *Through* it. You're wrecking the plaster."

"Through it, Mr. Naismith? You ain't

(Continues on page 1613)

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THE NOBEL PRIZE bestowed on F. A. Hayek in 1974 was a long-deferred appreciation of one of the finest minds of the twentieth century, as distinguished for its insights in the realm of political theory as for its accomplishments in economic science.

That Hayek's intellect has lost none of its luminous power after five decades of achievement is amply witnessed by the labor in which he is now engaged, a trilogy being published under the general title, *Law, Legislation, and Liberty*. The second volume of this series, *The Mirage of Social Justice*, has recently appeared—last year in hard cover, this year in paperback (University of Chicago Press, $4.95). The work increasingly appears to be the crowning achievement of his career.

In the present volume, Hayek returns to the notion of the rule of law—a theme which has marked so many of his previous writings. This time, however, he has deepened and broadened the concept in a work of sustained intellection that is truly awesome—not only articulating the principles which underlie the rule of law, but tracing out its further implications in all areas of social and economic life.

Hayek's thesis is that "social justice" is indeed a mirage, inasmuch as the idea of "justice" is applicable to the acts and intentions of individual people. The workings of a market system in which the effects complained of are neither created nor intended by any person cannot intelligibly be called "unjust." Moreover, the efforts of government to rearrange the pattern of rewards dictated by the market invariably create the very type of injustice they are intended to prevent.

All of which is merely preliminary to Hayek's main achievement in this volume—a drawing out of the distinction between a general rule of law consisting chiefly of negative prohibitions against force and fraud, which permits the functioning of a volitional, spontaneous order, and a command economy in which government undertakes to direct in minute, particular fashion the actions of countless individuals. His development of this concept alone is a major theoretical accomplishment, bringing light to a neglected topic that is central to our understanding of the free society.

On a more specific subject within this larger framework, Hayek has also favored us with a study called *Denationalization of Money* (Institute of Economic Affairs, 2 Lord North Street, Westminster, London SW1P 3LB, England; $5.75). Here he argues that the proper method of combatting inflation is to permit competition of currencies, first among nations, then within them. He points out that establishing a monopoly in anything permits the supplier to foist inferior goods on the consumer and destroys incentives for improving the situation. In these respects, provision of currency is not appreciably different from provision of anything else. Along the way, he demolishes arguments for money as an attribute of sovereignty, legal tender laws, and fixed exchange rates.

ONE OF HAYEK'S more influential and interesting disciples is Antony Fisher of the Institute of Economic Affairs, publishers of the above monograph. Fisher has also been a successful entrepreneur, public official, and writer. In *Fisher's Concise History of Economic Bungling* (Caroline House, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; $8.95), he puts the case for economic liberty in vivid terms that underscore the Hayekian notion of the market as an information system, or "discovery procedure," as Fisher calls it—a sophisticated mechanism for testing, and validating or discarding, alternative approaches to the solution of social and economic problems. The book is studded with historical examples suggesting the superiority of competitive freedom over top-down efforts at planning and regulation, plus illustrative matter from Fisher's own experience. All in all, an entertaining and instructive volume. □

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***George Weber,**
Associate Director
Council for Basic Education

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MANO

(Continued from page 1610)

gonna catch no peaches that way. Through it is easy."

"Don't ask questions, Luther. I'm inventing the NBA."

"Well, yassuh." And swish, swish, swish, while Luther (beneath his breath) grunts, "White men is crazy. I sure hope I don't get unsegregated."

So when you pass some East Harlem playground—and hear the hollow-log tattoo of Keds—you'll know why white men can't go to their left or fly, broken-armed, broken-legged like Earl Monroe. They just aren't hungry enough. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE REPUBLIC OF TECHNOLOGY, *by Daniel T. Boorstin (Harper, 105 pp., $8.95).* Here is a response of sorts to Jacques Ellul's *Technological Society* and, on native ground, to Henry Adams' reflections on the Virgin and the Dynamo in his *Education.* It is good reading: analytical, stimulating, and insightful—in short, the kind of book, someone noted, which Steve Allen will fill with "That's *right*!" marginalia. Boorstin is superb in his taxonomic differentiation of politics and technology, but whether the upbeat ending—a bit of Enlightenment optimism—is warranted is quite another thing. Perhaps mastery of the machine and the "Drive-In Everything" remains America's last frontier; however, one would do well to remember that B. F. Skinner's opening chapter in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* is entitled "A Technology of Behavior."

GERALD T. DUNNE

LEVI'S: *The "Shrink-to-Fit" Business That Stretched to Cover the World, by Ed Cray (Houghton Mifflin, 286 pp., $9.95).* The hills, valleys, and, eventually, mountains on the corporate chart of Levi Strauss & Co. are outlined with relish by a guy who appears in his weaker moments to be working out an homage to his jeans. "I am one of [Levi Strauss's] best customers; I just don't have time to wear out my blue jeans as much as I used to," said the first citizen of Plains, Georgia, from the vantage point of his big white house in Washington a year ago, thus demonstrating his participation in the national cult of denim. Mr. Cray carries his story from the immigrant peddler's modest beginnings in San Francisco through an almost Mellonesque cataloguing of siblings, collateral descendants, and in-laws, the current generation having carried the house that overalls built to a $1.56-billion annual sales figure in 1977. A Reno, Nevada tailor actually invented the riveted pants we all know, but he asked Levi Strauss to take out the patent. Thereafter, the tailor became Strauss's supervisor, and with few exceptions each year brought increasing profits to the company. You can still make a bundle (and run the risk of arrest) by scalping Levi's behind the Iron Curtain, and the French-chic versions of Levi Strauss's virtually indestructible pantaloons (as he liked to call them) sell for nearly $100 and are *de rigueur* in the posh spots of the civilized world. Bits of all of this, and interviews with, seemingly, every living descendant and significant executive of the company, flesh out Cray's straightforward story of this company that actually cares, and has evidently always cared, about its employees' feelings and families. A rare business, Levi Strauss's, run by a family devoted to humanitarian causes and to the never-ending search for the perfect pair of casual pants. And the book is well written, give or take clichés like the reference to someone's "many-splendored home in the city"; phrases like "speculators abounded; bounders speculated"; and perhaps just a shade too much reverence for the party line of the Strauss executives.

DAVID BRUDNOY

STERN

(Continued from page 1598)

Thucydides, the memoirs of Grant, Van Buren, Ike. The King Tut show is wowing Washington, Carter has had a private glimpse, has come out officially impressed, and I write, "I want to do something on Carter that'll last a bit, like the gold head of Tut." I enclose a couple of my books.

Perhaps they do me in. In any case, five weeks go by and there's not a peep from Wurfel. The night Carter makes his "moral equivalent of war" talk, I call Wurfel at home to tell him the speech knocked me out. "It sounded like the President himself."

"He worked on all three drafts of it."

"Anything doing on the historic portrait line?"

"It's under active consideration. No gobbledygook."

This verbal clunk from the Forties—my growing time, not Wurfel's—reassures me. "I trust you completely."

May comes and goes, and lovely is the rose, but no word from the West Wing. By June, I'm into another piece, but imaginary wheels still spin around the Oval Office. I write and ask if my project is up the flue. "I wouldn't want me around if I were Carter," I throw in as defensive vaccine. I also supply an alternative. "Give me an hour with him to talk about *The Leopard.*" (I hear that he's reading this wonderful piece of Sicilian faulkneriana.) "And that kind of thing." I add that for form, and, as form goes, I actually draw a response. "I have a stack of your letters. You've earned an answer." The answer is negative.

I've been learning modern Greek in preparation for a Schliemann tour of Mycenae, Knossos, Phaistos. I don't learn easily, I don't learn well, but after twenty sessions in the Language Lab, I can work out some poems of Elytis and Cavafy (at least while Edmund Keeley's translations are across the page). It's from one of these, a Cavafy sonnet called "*Krymena*" ("Hidden Things"), that I draw my unwritten account of the President.

From everything I did and said
no one can find out who I was.
An obstacle there altered
the ways and manner of my life . . .
Only from my most obscure actions
and least noticed writing
will I be understood.
Perhaps, though, it doesn't really
matter,
this discovery of me . . . □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Final Rebuke

On The Right

New York, Nov. 24—On occasion I have recalled with merriment the story of the man who walked dejectedly from church one Sunday having been subjected to a thunderous reiteration of the Ten Commandments. As he reaches his car, his face suddenly brightens, and he looks up at his wife triumphantly: "I've never made any graven images!"

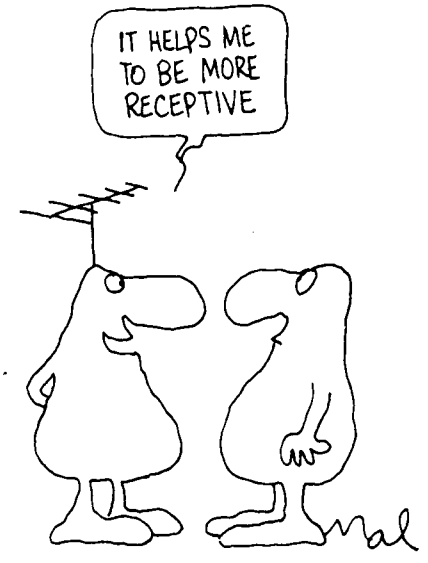
The story loses its flavor, but not its bite, one week after Jonestown. "You shall not have other gods besides me. You shall not carve idols for yourselves in the shape of anything in the sky above or on the earth below or in the waters beneath the earth"—how natural it now seems that this should have been the very first commandment. And how regularly over the centuries we have been reminded of its awful relevance. There was "the mad attempt of Caligula to place his own statue in the temple of Jerusalem [which] was defeated by the unanimous resolution of a people who dreaded death much less than such an idolatrous profanation," recorded by Gibbon, who in a later volume went on to write of the Fatimite caliphs, among them "the famous Hakem, a frantic youth, who was delivered by his impiety and despotism from the fear either of God or man, and whose reign was a wild mixture of vice and folly."

And yet—and yet: Did they, really, die in vain? Certainly the answer is, yes, they died in vain if nothing is to be learned from their dying. But to say that Jim Jones was a monster, which indisputably he was, is not to say that he presided over monsters. No more can it be said that everyone who died for Hitler, or for Stalin, was monstrous. The men and women who lined up as meekly as the Aztecs (I can hear Phil Harris already: "What I admire about the Aztecs is they did it without Kool-Aid") understood themselves to be dying to uphold a principle. What principle? The grisly remains, far gone in putrefaction but still fleshly, seem suddenly to have been lost to us as irredeemably as ancient civilizations. There are living potsherds, and they mumble something about how they believed that Dad would look after them, how they would build a socialist society free of strife. They were undiscriminating men and women, but they were capable of giving their own lives in return for an ideal reified in the jungle of Guyana, and it is wrong to despise them, wrong even to despise those of them who administered the poison to their children.

THE ENERGUMEN was the leader. But he preyed not on the worst of man, but the best. He did not exhort his flock to pillage, plunder, and conquest. Jimmy Jones had his fasces, and from all accounts they were liberally used to keep in line those whose restive intelligence or natural hedonism questioned the ideals or resisted the spartan regimen. But there is no accounting for what finally happened except that it was a collective act of hara-kiri. There are the surrounding mysteries: among them the strange, lockstep arrangement of the corpses. But perhaps that too was rehearsed, and the exalting idea of form was also disfigured by the macabre symmetry.

No doubt they will raze Jonestown, as they did Berchtesgaden, and properly so. But there is no expunging the massacre from the memory. It is the supreme rebuke of our civilization. We, heirs of Chartres and the Beatitudes, who count among our progenitors St. John of the Cross and Aquinas, breed a race of men and women who, looking about them, go to Jimmy Jones for solace, for protection, for fulfillment. Will Mr. Califano find the need for a fresh division?

No, there is no role here for the state. "In things that prejudice the tranquillity or security of the state, secret actions are subject to human jurisdiction. But in those which offend the Deity, where there is no public act, there can be no criminal matter, the whole passes between man and God, who knows the measure and time of His Vengeance." Thus Montesquieu. There was of course a public act—the killing of the children. But mostly, the act was public in its mute rejection, under the baton of a madman, of the alternatives our civilization proffered those wretched people. □



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF MR. JONES

New York, Nov. 27—Steven Roberts of the *New York Times*, working on one angle of the awful Jones massacre, inquired of the habits of Mrs. Carter, who indeed had written one of those testimonials flaunted by Jones in the course of his ministry. It transpires that Mrs. Carter receives, in a typical week, between 1,500 and 2,000 letters, most of them asking for something. Her—relatively small—staff goes through these, and brings to her attention those in which she is likeliest to show an interest. Every week, she writes in longhand replies to about thirty letters. One of these went to James Jones.

And it, surprisingly but not astonishingly, was addressed, "Dear Jim." Not astonishingly, because the predilection of the incumbent White House for Christian names is pronounced even to the point of the diminutive. It should be remarked, one supposes, as a sign of aloofness that Mrs. Carter did not address Jones as "Dear Jimmy." But con-

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sider then her comment to Mr. Roberts when he asked her what she could recall about Jones: "I don't remember anything about him. He was just a person." In fact, that person escorted Mrs. Carter home from a rally in San Francisco during the presidential race, and had dinner with her. Campaign engagements, like childbirth, do not linger in the memory, and Mrs. Carter is not to be faulted for assuming that the minister from San Francisco who addressed her, asking for a testimonial to his work, was telling the truth about their previous encounter. Moreover, the supplicant reminded her that he had been active in the Carter campaign. Under the circumstances, she elected to grant him the favor and, having done so, catapulted herself into her chosen mode: "Dear Jim" and all, even though he was "just a person."

One must suppose, after all, that anyone charismatic enough to persuade nine hundred people to drink poison would have at least enough influence to extract from Mrs. Carter, or for that matter anyone else, a letter complimenting him on his vague accomplishments. The renowned letter from Mr. Califano, who describes Jones in language that would have exaggerated the virtues of St. Francis of Assisi, is testimony either to the hypnotic powers of Jones, or to the irrepressible enthusiasm of Joe Califano, or both.

THERE IS A quite general embarrassment among the scores of powerful men and women who wrote letters about Jones. There ought not to be, really. It is unfair. It is a cultural trait we are dealing with, not inconceivably at one level a cultural requirement. A society develops certain rituals, among them those amenities that require one—quite properly, if nevertheless hypocritically—to say "good morning" and "good night" whether one actually has any such aspiration in mind. The amenities are important, but unquestionably they have got out of hand, and particularly they tend to do so in the political world, where the public compliment is a tribal ritual, and any commendation that speaks in other than hyperbolic terms about a fellow politician is regarded as a disavowal. Sometimes, reaching for altitude, the politician will slip. Mario Procaccino of New York once, at a rally, introduced his running-mate: "Frank O'Connor grows on you like cancer!"

I first focused on the question as a teenager in the Army of the United States, where I learned that in rating a soldier (or an officer) you could put an end to his career simply by writing "Very Satisfactory" on his record. Very Satisfactory is Army lingo for Very Unsatisfactory. Someone who qualifies for routine promotion must be rated "Excellent" or higher ("Superior"). Professors groan every spring over the required recommendations in behalf of students applying for graduate school. Their fear is that any realistic assessment of a student's performance will be judged Very Satisfactory by the Admissions Committees, who necessarily compare that assessment with the resplendent flora and fauna of other professors caught up in the requirements of flattery.

Jones was a tragedy. But he is not the responsibility of Mrs. Carter, not even of Joe Califano. □

CALLING JACK KILPATRICK

New York, Nov. 22

—"Jack?"

"This is Jack Kilpatrick."

"Bill. How are you?"

"I bet I know what you're calling about."

"Yup. What on *earth* got into her?"

"Beats the hell out of me! I actually have a *letter* from AFTRA telling me I'd have to get off the air unless I joined the union. Shana Alexander knows that."

"I actually taped the show [*60 Minutes*]. Here is what she said right after your right-to-work pitch. Let me see . . . she said: 'All baloney, Jack—every word. . . . You're wrong when you say that until the Buckley decision you had to be a member in good standing of our union or get fired from *60 Minutes*. As long as you pay your dues, you could even scab during a strike and the union couldn't force *60 Minutes* or any other TV show to fire you. Old Bill Buckley is just up to his usual dirty tricks with the English language, and you're right in there with him, Jack, neck-deep.'"

"Well, she's crazy on that one, and she's really stuck her neck out."

"Which of us do you want to cut it off, you or me? Shall we flip?"

"Better you do it, Bill. After all, you won the AFTRA case, and she roughed you up going along."

"I wrote three columns—I've actually *quoted* the court record. I have it here . . . It began in September 1964, when Kenneth Groot of the New York AFTRA wrote me: 'Since AFTRA has a union shop in all its collective bargaining agreements, *it is necessary that persons who appear on radio or television in AFTRA-covered employment be members of AFTRA*.' And as recently as 1976, I wrote to RKO and asked if *Firing Line* could be shown if I quit AFTRA, and they wrote that the AFTRA contract requires under Paragraph 84 of the Code of Fair Practice that they don't allow anybody on the air who isn't a member. They said if AFTRA amended its contract, okay, but 'until then we must comply with our contract with AFTRA and insist on your continued membership as a condition of your employment.' *That's* part of the court record too. In fact, when AFTRA finally caved a year ago, the court required them to send a letter to every broadcasting station in the country specifically advising them that *membership was not any longer required, merely the paying of dues.*"

"I guess they didn't send a copy to Shana Alexander."

"Shana Alexander is not a broadcasting station."

"Sometimes she sounds like one."

"Jack?"

"Yeah?"

"Jack, did you just now come up with one of your usual dirty tricks with the English language?"

"Funny. I know, I know. And it was all covered in the *New York Times*, and down here in Washington. And there were references all through the New York newspaper strike to the Buckley-AFTRA case and how by implication it released people in the Newspaper Guild to quit, pay their dues, and then go ahead and cross the picket lines."

"Jack, would you be willing to scab merely to exercise your right to free speech? Are you a glutton about free speech?"

"Well, somebody has to instruct Shana Alexander, and providence gave me the job."

"Instructing Shana Alexander is all rather Sisyphean, isn't it, Jack?"

"Who's playing dirty tricks with the English language, now, old pal?"

"Well, you know, a few weeks ago I teased her in print about picking on Nixon and then going to a party where Gordon Liddy was a guest. And she sent me a telegram: 'NEVER DID I THINK A MAN SO GALLANT AS WILLIAM BUCKLEY WOULD KICK A LADY WHEN SHE WAS DOWN. NOT ONLY DOWN BUT OUT.' Of course, I didn't kick her, didn't know she was down, didn't know she was out: she certainly didn't sound out on *60 Minutes* when she gave with the baloney. But we all love Shana, and we've got to be patient with her."

"Right. Good night, Bill."

"Good night, Jack." □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. He made the trains run on time by attacking feather-bedding — 33 55 61 50 22 180 120 20 195

B. Diligence — 42 134 198 35 86 62 16 181

C. A type of farm in the Soviet Empire — 57 115 46 76 112 118 171 140 196 5

D. Karl Marx' angel — 79 36 161 197 104 128

E. Powerful group in Britain that would surely favor maternity benefits — 90 45 92 188 175 186 7 64 78 114 169

F. A rugged character, according to Herbert Hoover — 99 95 24 37 53 63 77 12 48 105

G. What Sweden supposedly follows in an economic sense — 18 149 191 142 167 52 87 123 21

H. A fancy name for a bureaucrat — 81 67 98 10 14 27 71 146 43 51 109 124

I. Set a deep glass of ____ ____ on the contrary casket. - *Merchant of Venice* — 69 58 72 80 85 6 4 41 94 2 25

J. A British drink named for the month in which it is brewed — 97 9 3 19 189 30 59 106 44 117

K. A shout uttered by a fox hunter (one of two spellings) — 121 60 125 153 74 110 141 148 159 32

L. RING NOW — 127 65 150 113 88 102 107

M. A slogan included in a postal cancellation — 138 156 31 151 17 26

N. A state of intense fear — 152 122 89 130 162 143

O. A native of northwestern Luzon — 1 96 11 56 68 70

P. The mayor of New York City, 1914-1918 — 34 103 29 174 136 182 168

Q. Resembling a certain bird of prey — 54 47 176 166 38 139

R. Description of WORD A — 147 133 66 73 177 13 39

S. Removing earth to make a river channel deeper — 164 157 15 91 184 75 145 111

T. A period added to harmonize the lunar with the solar calendar — 170 172 183 193 131

U. Another name for the chewink — 187 155 126 84 173 137

V. Deceptive statements — 190 49 129 165 178 40 132

W. To strengthen a beverage — 28 158 185 108 100 192

X. Triple — 83 154 179 194 8 82 163 101 116

Y. Worn out with age — 93 160 23 119 135 144

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1612 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 O	2 I		3 J	4 I	5 C		6 I	7 E	8 X	9 J	10 H	11 O	12 F	13 R		14 H	15 S	16 B	17 M
18 G	19 J	20 A	21 G		22 A	23 Y		24 F	25 I	26 M	27 H	28 W	29 P	30 J		31 M	32 K	33 A	34 P
35 B	36 D	37 F	38 Q	39 R	40 V		41 I	42 B	43 H	44 J		45 E	46 C	47 Q	48 F	49 V	50 A		51 H
52 G	53 F	54 Q	55 A	56 O		57 C	58 I	59 J	60 K	61 A	62 B	63 F	64 E	65 L	66 R		67 H	68 O	69 I
	70 O	71 H	72 I		73 R	74 K	75 S	76 C	77 F	78 E	79 D	80 I		81 H	82 X		83 X	84 U	85 I
86 B		87 G	88 L	89 N	90 E	91 S		92 E	93 Y	94 I	95 F	96 O		97 J	98 H		99 F	100W	101X
	102L	103P	104D	105F		106J	107L	108W		109H	110K	111S	112C	113L		114E	115C		116X
117J	118C	119Y	120A	121K	122N		123G	124H	125K		126U	127L	128D	129V	130N		131T	132V	133R
134B		135Y	136P	137U		138M	139Q	140C	141K	142G	143N	144Y	145S		146H	147R		148K	149G
150L	151M	152N		153K	154X	155U		156M	157S	158W		159K	160Y		161D	162N	163X	164S	
165V	166Q	167G	168P		169E	170T	171C		172T	173U	174P	175E	176Q	177R	178V	179X	180A	181B	
182P	183T	184S	185W	186E		187U	188E		189J	190V		191G	192W	193T	194X	195A	196C	197D	198B

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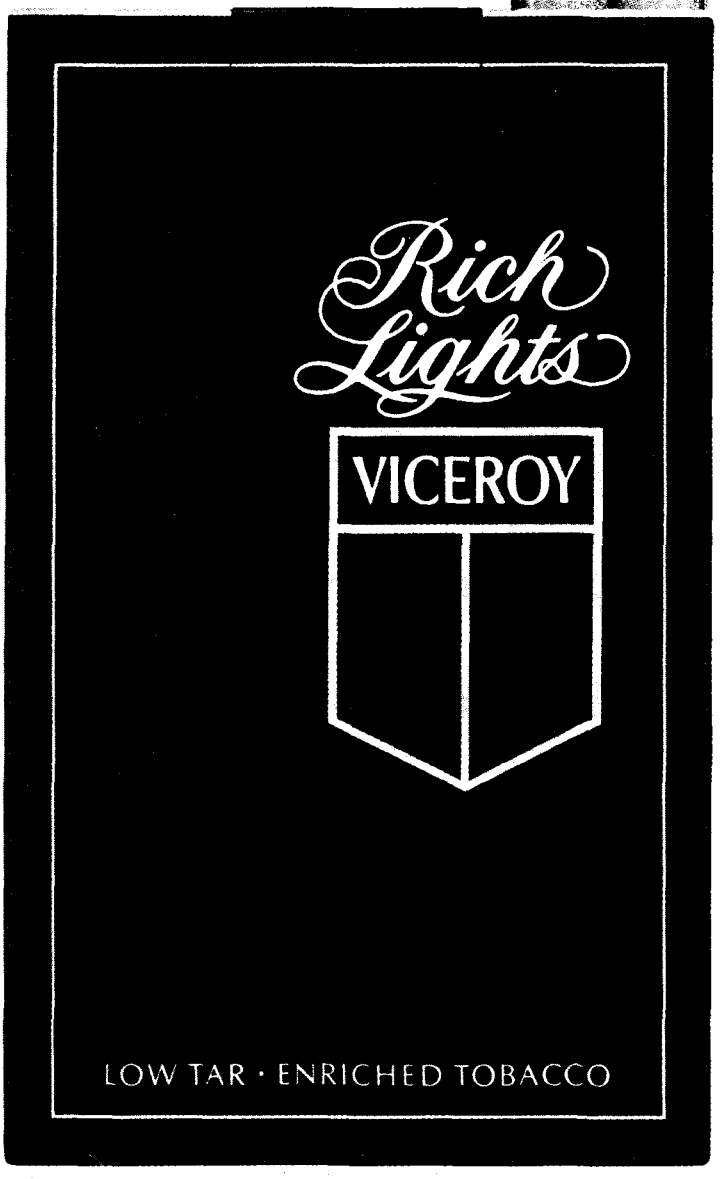

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